

CAVALCADE

FEBRUARY, NINETEEN FORTY-THREE. PRICE ONE SHILLING



YOU EXPECT THEM TO FIGHT—no matter what!



THEY EXPECT YOU TO WORK—no matter what!

(Compiled and inserted by the Publishers)

CAVALCADE

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There's a new word
for the **ABSENTEE**

NERO!



My Day.... TO HOWL

By Columnist GILBERT KRSTINER.

... CHUMPS

I am not greatly concerned with the few (or many) chumps who are so steeped in their own stinking selfishness that they stay away from their benches on the slightest provocation—or on no provocation whatever.

Naturally, like all other honest citizens, I experience a vomiting sensation at my stomach when I read about them, and I should dearly love to devise some picturesque and highly efficacious systems of punishment for them.

To fine them, it has been said, is simply to encourage their eyes to collect the price of their fines; to imprison them is to restrict wage-production.

Perhaps so; but to fine them the maximum would put a big strain on any potential sympathizers. To make them spend their nights in jail would cause little restriction.

And there are dozens of other ways, anyhow—blacklisting in the newspapers, with appropriate ridicule; re-introduction of the stocks where they would serve their sen-

tence in their own time; work-and-goad; and, in the case of the unteachables replacement.

There are plenty of skilled workers in the army... surely, no doubt, in New Guinea. I guess they would gladly come back to factories for a spell while the unteachables took their place.

There are not many of these, in actual fact. A lot of absenteeism is simple thoughtlessness. And for that reason I have no quarrel with the recent lenient imposition of punishment. After all, it was the first time. But there must be no leniency in future.

... SYMPTOM

As I have said, however, I am not greatly concerned about all this. National Security can take care of it quite adequately.

But I am concerned inasmuch as it represents a symptom of a greater national ill or weakness. And I think our greatest national weakness is this: We are at the half-way mark.

As a nation, we are neither Socialist nor Reactionary; we are neither educated nor uneducated.

Someone or other said that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

He might have been thinking of post-war-day Australia. A youngster reaches that stage where he thinks he knows everything and his parents know nothing.

This is precisely the same situation. Australian working masses have reached just that stage in their development. We are half-educated and our ideas are half-formed. We think we know it all.

And the tragedy of it is that, in this half-baked state, we wield a tremendous power. A lot of power and a lot of unprecedented privileges have fallen willy-nilly into our hands in a very short space of time.

And we don't know how to use them. That much is proved by any amount of irresponsible industrial agitation, carried on by mental adolescents while their fellowmen, often their own work-

mates, are dying in the blood-streaking filth of New Guinea.

There is one thing you can say about the old aristocracy, whatever abuse you care to heap on them. It is this: They were taught from boyhood that great privileges entailed great responsibilities.

... COLLAPSE

They knew very well indeed that those responsibilities were inescapable. They knew, too, that if they ignored them or grew careless, their privileges would collapse.

That is a natural law, as inextinguishable as to-morrow's sunrise.

We haven't yet learned this. Power has come our way, into our hands, because a war made it that way. We can tell the boss to go to hell—and many a fool does, in so many words, or by implication as in absenteeism.

In other words, this country, its future, its riches are at present in the hands of the workers. We can wreck it or mould it to the form of our dreams.

Frankly, I think we're going the right way about wrecking it and moulding it to the form of Japanese dreams.

At this point, some bloody fool is going to stand up and shout me down as a Revisionist (or paid Tory, or by some other fancy term of abuse.) That will not worry me. Those who know my stuff know where my sympathies lie. When I see what I deem to be the truth, I must write it, irrespective of who gets kicked in the stomach.

If you take offence at this, that is a sure sign it is directed at you



"Get a nail file? Nice come Peret!"



... because these hundreds of thousands who are honest, hard-working folk will have a clear conscience—and he who has a clean conscience seldom gets hurt.

...POST WAR

Now is the time, in my humble opinion, to start telling people that freedom imposes a recurring obligation—the obligation to fight to preserve it.

War produces a very normal and understandable revolution against war . . . which is as it should be. There should always be a revolution against it. That is our only claim to being semi-civilized (for no one but a complete fool would claim that we are in any way completely civilized).

Let us by all means revolt against war. But let us, at the same time, keep our powder dry. I am scared stiff that a group or

groups of hopeless idiots will start preaching that the war to end all wars is now finished.

That is tripe. The war to end all wars will only be finished providing we, the free united nations of the world, remain united in our freedom and determined to retain that freedom at the point of our bayonets.

Pacifism, and its attendant and inevitable desire for disarmament will lead to another bloodier war with another super-aggressor (now probably in his cradle) as surely as this one was the result of the last generation's pacifism.

It is doubtful if there will be a true peace, based on international love, tolerance and understanding for another thousand years or more.

This war will not end wars. Let us get that into our thick cuts. There will be others—perhaps a whole string of them, big and little.

The best way to deal with them is to have a Unity of Nations big enough, strong enough, and sufficiently heeled to be able to slap down the war-makers in the shortest possible time, and with a maximum of deadly efficiency. Similarly, the start of The Greatest War (this present being The Greater War) can be nipped in the bud.

There is no other solution. From now on we have got to be tough. Policemen will always be necessary; we have recognized that. And it is no good recruiting policemen from the front line of the gentlemen's chorus; we know that, too.



"Hey, now, remember that chemical war you gave me for Xmas . . . ?"



"Let's buy a pair. I don't think we should subordinate war suddenly about now!"



Section Two

AUSTRALIA AT WAR

A Running History of a Nation's Fight

... WARNING

For Australia, January, 1943, first month of what was likely to prove the world's most historic year, was a month of warnings and warnings in the South-west Pacific.

From Prime Minister John Curtin, realistic leader who deluded no one, let alone himself, came the warnings—warnings that the delaying of an offensive against mounting Japanese offensive strength involved incalculable dangers for his Commonwealth.

From Allied soldiers in New Guinea, who were continually wet with sweat, steam, rain, came the warnings—warnings made against the game, last-ditching Jap who fought back with his teeth when he had nothing else left with which to fight. But they were beating him.

As January 1 dawned, Allied troops knew that now it was just a matter of clearing him out—a dangerous, stinking job, but a

cleaning-up job, nevertheless. The Jap, in Papua, was licked as an effective force. It was like cleaning up the stunted flea from a dog that had been powdered with insecticide.

Our Allies, thousands upon thousands of miles off, tended to look on this Pacific War through the wrong end of their telescopes.

As Australians in the mass were not wholeheartedly in Europe's war, seeing it through the wrong end of their telescopes as something afar off for the war's three first years, so Britons and Americans were looking closely to the war nearest their own shores now. In many respects it was an unconscious tilt for tat, against which unblinking Australians would show bad taste to complain.

We had certainly sent divisions of Australian troops to aid Britain in her most urgent hours; but until little more than a year ago, Australians had never taken that war in all 100 per cent. seriousness.

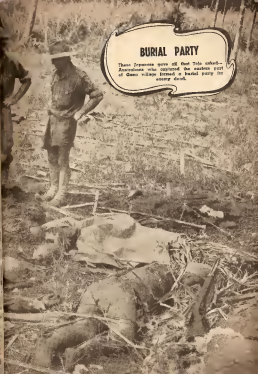
(Turn to Page 12)

● A DEAD JAPANESE KILLED IN THE FIGHT FOR THE EASTERN PART OF GONG VILLAGE. THE BULLET-HIDDEN TREE IN FOREGROUND SHOWS NOW INTENSE WAS THE FIGHTING IN THIS AREA.



BURIAL PARTY

These Japanese gave off that Tolo whist-
Amazons who captured the eastern part
of Guam village formed a burial party for
every dead.



AUSTRALIA AT WAR

ness, their way of life scarcely altered even after many a sharp shock.

Were they squealing now?

Prime Minister Curtin was not squealing, he was simply pointing to facts, explaining that Japan was a great, sinister enemy not to be taken lightly, that this enemy was gathering his strength to pounce, that if Australia was lost as a springboard the war would be lengthened immeasurably, many thousands of extra lives lost in the retaking, that South-west Pacific's requirements were small indeed compared with the weight of men and material being pumped into the preparation of European war-theatres.

Said he: "There is no doubt that Japan has consolidated the gains that she has made. Delaying the offensive against her makes it certain that the offensive, when taken, will experience greater resistance."

"In the meantime the United Nations are being denied resources (rubber, tin) for their total war effort, which are invaluable to them, and these are being reserved by Japan for building up her capacity, not only to wage war, but to resist an offensive..."

The new year, in the Pacific, was no glittering spectacle of unqualified victory. Said he, in his New Year message: "I cannot underline what appears to be ahead—that would profit only the enemy—but I give a stern warning that the Government can see only a hard road, with events, the pos-

sibilities of which are far from bright, casting a heavy shadow on the New Year."

Later in the month, Britain's Government gave out a half-hearted barely-whispered promise that they would send all help they could. It remained to be seen what this represented.

... WINNINGS

By January 1, an Allied wedge had been driven to the beach through the Jap, splitting his Buna defenses. This meant that each half of the Japanese dogged defense was crammed between Allied troops, who gave them no peace, day or night.

Few days later Buna Station was occupied. Said a special announcement from General MacArthur's headquarters, "Allied troops have occupied Buna Government station and are now mopping up in the entire area."

The Goroa Point area has been cleared of the enemy, except for snipers, who are rapidly being eliminated. In the Buna area the only enemy resistance left is a small pocket west of Goroa Creek, where the Japanese have been resisting desperately, and where fighting is now in progress.

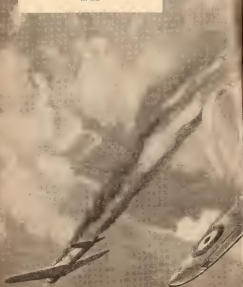
"Severe casualties have been inflicted on the enemy in all actions. Fighting continues on the Samarinda-Sepota track, where the enemy for sometime has had defenses in depth about two miles inland from Samarinda Point."



"... And on honourable Solomons last, heavy reinforcements have just landed!"

WHEN WIRRAWAY DOWNED ZERO

When the observer of an American built Wirraway came over China shortly "Zero below" all of whom Jack Zerkow did not see for nearly. Outrigger, and outboarded, he nevertheless fired his machine machine at the Jap fighter. He scored his guns at 210 yards and kept shooting until he was almost at the Zero. As he turned away he saw the Jap go down like the two.



AUSTRALIA AT WAR

...RAIN

By mid-moon, rain had come to plague both sides impartially. The Wet had started, turning the already swamps, sticky Sopara-Sonawanda track into a high-impossible quagmire.

Not to be discouraged by mud that clung sucking earth-bound infantry and vehicles, Allied planes carried on with the job.

At no time did strains let up for even an instant. Happily, they sped back and forth, dropping their bombs on Lee, Salomona, Raheel, blasting supplies, destroyers, any attempt at reinforcement.

In this war, many an Australian has known the heart-breaking bitterness of seeing only Japanese planes in a deserted sky, of being blasted by Japanese aerial bombs at will, of praying for help from his own planes when no help came.

Now the enemy was learning this bitterness, being blasted in this way, praying to his own gods for help that did not come.

Not that the value of well-trained, spirited industry could be overlooked. In the final analysis, men would win the war. Said Commander of the Allied Land Forces in New Guinea, Lieutenant-General E. F. Herring:

"Too many people have been looking for machines — tanks and aeroplanes—to do their fighting for them, but in the end it is the infantry will who win wars and who does the real tough fighting."

By about January 20, Allied forces were mopping up final

patches of the Japanese Papuan Army in the region of his last stand—Sonawanda.

The Jap fought to the end. It was slow, humorous work that was no walkover. While even a Jap had a rifle and a last cartridge, he would do his level best to kill someone with it.

...REVIEW

As his Papuan campaign drew to its close, Commander of the Allied Land Forces in the Southwest Pacific, General Sir Thomas Blamey, returned home, gave a review.

He had beaten the Jap in Papua; but that was as far as it went, and none knew this better than General Blamey. Said he: "... because of this defeat, do not for one moment imagine that we are out of the wood with the Japanese.

"His self-belief is colossal; his valuation of human life is small; his resources are great.

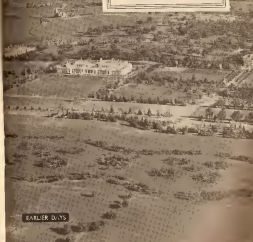
"And do not imagine, because we have driven him away from the point of immediate threat, that all menace is past, by any means.

"There is no kid glove in the Japanese method of conducting war, and he has definitely threatened to destroy Australia before the Allied development makes it into a base from which he can be destroyed. How far he will go in his effort to carry out that threat we do not know. But let it not be thought for one moment that he will not do all he can..."

Section Three

CANBERRA

CANBERRA, NEVER NOTED FOR ITS CALM, HAD A TROUBLED TIME IN ITS FIRST, NEW YEAR SESSION • THERE WAS TALK OF ELECTION, BUT BOTH PARTIES WERE DETERMINED TO PICK TIME AND ISSUE.



EARLIER DAYS

... CHILLY

For a time, bleak, unrelenting winds swept down from the Alps, driving summer from the dry Monasse valleys.



Dr. H. C. COOMBS
... Post-war Reconstruction
(Page 24)

They swirled and added through the nooks and crannies of Parliament House, stirred up the political dust, blew in new rumors of early elections.

They brought forecasts of stormy days for the Parliamentary session ahead.

They brought to Prime Minister Curtin, also, a recurrence, of his nervous so often prophetic of major events in past months.

Those who saw him leave Cabinet to resume my treatment at

Canberra's Community Hospital thought up likely predictions, tipped developments through a wide range from internal politics to Pacific strategy.

At month's end it looked as though it might be both politics and strategy.

From a fortnight in Melbourne Ministers returned to Canberra to prepare for the session in an atmosphere of activity which political opponents in State capitals were quick to match.

There was relief among most Labor members over the outcome of the special A.L.P. Conference which sanctioned Prime Minister Curtin's proposal to extend the area of operations of the militia.

Caution endorsed it, too, but Opponents expressed astonishment at the narrow limitations of the militia zone.

There was evidence that the Government was tying up a lot of loose ends making things snug and tight for whatever the session planned to bring.

With quiet satisfaction Ministers followed, in the Press of the United Nations, the acclaim for Curtin's renewed plea for reinforcements in the Pacific.

To Canberra it was clear, however, that the holding war in the Pacific must continue indefinitely, that the Allied resources in manpower and material must be husbanded, and that spectacular success must not be attempted for the time being.

Ministers watched with hope

the outcome of the meeting of Roosevelt and Churchill at Casablanca.

They wanted to see whether the "beat-Hitler-first" strategy in the Pacific, sketched in the days before Japanese strength in the Pacific had manifested itself, would be modified.

But, at month's end there was little evidence of the unmaking of the sketched strategy.

Meanwhile it was clear that the strength on the home front must be maintained, that civilian restrictions must be extended rather than relaxed.

As January drew to a close there came reports of new, threatening Japanese concentrations in the strongly held islands on Australia's fringe.

Ministers said the reports were too ominous to offer hope of a prolonged breathing space for Australia.

... ELECTION

A lot of wet fingers were being put into the air to catch the direction of the electoral breeze.

Integrating speculation analysed the signs and portents; many saw evidence of quiet, underground preparation which might mean a general election early in the second half of the year.

First lesson in the political textbook is that the party which controls the electoral machinery has a sharp edge on its opponents.

This is because the party in power may fix the election date,

may order a long or short election campaign. Because of this it holds the advantage of prior knowledge over the Opposition.

Therefore, for any government to permit Parliament to run to expiry by effluxion of time would



CUSTOMS MINISTER CRANE
... on the warpath
(Page 26)

be to hand its opponents the advantage of long months of preparation.

With the elections due statutorily at year's end the political wolves were snuffing around the party sheep-fold trying to catch the scent of the Government's intentions.

There was evidence enough of preparation, but the evidence was strongest that the Government's plans were not laid to spring a snap election, but that it would

CANBERRA

be caught with its pants down should next session produce political complications.

Newmen brought up the question often enough at Curtin's Press Conferences.

Said he: "So far as I know no election is contemplated at present. Nor is one intended earlier than the life of Parliament makes it necessary."

But observers knew that a situation could well arise in which Curtin's statement and an election before the due date could both be true.

Insiders probed the significance of the formidable list of popular Cabinet decisions of recent weeks.

These included (1) a £30,000,000 social security plan more liberal than the Beveridge scheme, (2) generous registration incentives, including a 20 per cent pensions rise, (3) a proposal to subsidize industry at the point of production to reduce commodity prices and keep living costs in consonance with wages.

These were major measures urgently necessary apart from their political value.

It would be a test of bravery for any Opposition to try to knock the bright paint off such election-winning merchandise.

Another storm in the wind was the Government's obvious concern over the strength and backing of the campaign against it in a number of States.

Said Curtin: "Political opponents of Labor will find themselves

hard put to justify the diversion of resources needed for the nation's war effort to party political propaganda."

On the debit side of the electoral ledger at month's end was the transience of a section of the Government's own followers.

Prophets of an early election were non-plused by the projected Parliamentary delegation to London.

In the red, too, was Treasurer Clifley's new tax plan.

Watching closely the rise in public spending, the increase in bank deposits and the planning for future war loans, the Government hoped to dry up still more of the sources of unnecessary spending to stave off the looming shadow of inflation.

It hoped, also, that the drastic provisions of the new tax plan would be tempered by the generous benefits of its social security scheme.

Outside, looking in at the Government, watchful Oppositionists saw that Fadden's compulsory loan plan was closer if the reports were true that the government had now reached the limit of taxation.

... REFERENDUM

Issues other than the ordinary party complications were involved in the planning for the month ahead.

There was an upsurge of criticism of the Commonwealth Powers Bill: new flaws were

found in the legal instruments by which State Parliaments could transfer wartime powers to the Commonwealth.

It seemed likely that State Governments after promising to facilitate transfer of these powers were repenting about the bargain.

On Ministerial desks was a pamphlet attacking the transfer of powers.

With beguiling slogans it demanded of a country organized for war, that people should be able to live where they pleased, work as they pleased, do what they darned well liked.

Said a Government spokesman:

"This is the gospel of the absentee. It is the programme of the sub-terfuge and the stand-patter."

Therefore, some observers saw in the reported intention of the Government to investigate the source of the campaign in some States, a move to implicate powerful financial interests and impress public opinion.

There were some high-up Federalists, impatient with the shilly-shallying of State politicians, who would not be unduly perturbed about rejection of the Powers Bill by State Parliaments.

That was why the lobbies were full of whispers that the Federal



NEW GUNEL, GMA. Taken less than 100 yards from Japanese POW camp, photograph shows wounded recovering treatment before passing on to drinking station.

CANBERRA

Government's patience could be overstrained.

There was talk that Ministers might take the bull by the horns and order a referendum at the same time as an election, so determining once and for all the question of transfer of powers.

Wilbur Hain, K.C., legal dissentier from Victoria, gave a lead to oppositionists by claiming that the transfer could not be limited for five years after the war, that once transferred the new powers would never go back to the states.

From Tennyson's *Yinbana* he quoted: "The gods themselves cannot recall their gifts."

He added: "The Constitution authorises a gift of power by the States but not a loan."

With nearly turned metaphors, Commonwealth jurists, Sir George Knowles, Sir Robert Gorton and Melbourne's Professor Kennedy replied. "A gift need not be a monument more lasting than brass and taller than the pyramids. It may be perishable and insignificant, an everlasting matter or an ephemeral one."

But all this was verbose word-spinning. With thoughts of action rather than words the Government was looking beyond the jurists to the final jury of the electorate.

... MEN

No matter how optimistically

they looked at it Ministers could see no way out of the labyrinthine maze of manpower troubles.

Starkly emphasised was the fact that with all their plans, with all their comb-outs, their persistent re-grouping and re-arranging, Australia's manpower pool for the fighting services and the war factories was fast ebbing.

Warned Curtin: "The Commonwealth is faced with a manpower situation of the utmost gravity."

In one sense it was alarming that Australia, in eager co-operation with her Allies had posited so much, had committed herself to a task which was exhausting her resources.

Ministers knew that within measurable time Australia might reach the utmost of her capacity to carry out her South-West Pacific commitments without further substantial outside aid.

Given fact that emerged from Cabinet's review was that in the next six months Australia's requirements for the services and for industry would demand 35,000 men and women each month.

But the greatest floor that can be expected is only 10,000.

Said Curtin: "The situation is such that the alternatives either of curtailing war production or starving the Services of reinforcements are."

But he said that, whoever aud-

PAPUA. GIROPI POINT. Australian mounted General Stuart tanks beat Japanese pill boxes in the first assault on Buna. An Australian mortar crew lays down a barrage as infantry advances to attack at Japanese strong point.





TREASURER CHIFLEY
... new tax plan
(Page 20)

ferred, the fighting services would be fully reinforced.

Men will be drawn from essential industries. Organisation of war factories will be trimmed to fit manpower capacity. The white collar industries will be placed under the manpower microscope. Bureaucracy will be stripped of its sheltered jobs.

And for the first time women will be conscripted for the auxiliaries of the fighting services.

From Opposition Leader Fadden came blame for past errors.

Said he: "Before taking further drastic manpower measures the Government should be certain that manpower now in war industries is fully and efficiently utilised."

Curtin retorted that this was a

way of change, that no blueprints were available to guide the planners from war's beginning.

He added: "The use of manpower in Australia's industries and for the services must be governed by the strategic situation in the South-west Pacific area, which is the primary responsibility of the Australian people."

He might have said that Australia's capacity to maintain the tempo of her effort depended on additional aid from her Allies.

Acting swiftly, the Government co-ordinated all manpower authorities.

Over the thirteen authorities now competing for men, the War Commission has been super-imposed.

Said Curtin: "What I want is a single comprehensive authority for the organisation of the wartime flow of manpower."

By Cabinet's decision he got this authority. Manpower Director Wirth will have a greater power over Australians than any other Australian has ever exercised.

Outcome of the new arrangement, too, will be a strengthening of the authority of Labor Minister Ward.

... FUTURE

In a bare little room in the Treasury building not long ago, a mock-looking, strident young man worked out economic theories for the Government.

Seating down at him from the walls were the portraits of Treasurers of past days. Some of them

reminded the young economist that boldness is often a successful substitute for economic theory.

Now this young man, Dr. H. C. Coombs, is in the front line of economists in a city where economists are as plentiful as blossoms in Springtime—and as fragile.

Economist Coombs has come a long way in a little while, for now, as Director of Post-war Reconstruction, he holds a responsibility to his countrymen greater than that of any of his economist colleagues.

As Director of Rationing he has already laid down an organisation unique in Australia; now he is drawing the blue-prints of a turn-

ing post-war task of cushioning the economic jolt which the peace will bring to a nation geared for war.

There are many Federalists who are uneasy about the petty tyranny of Australia's array of wartime economists and advisers.

But to those impatient with orthodox theory Economist Coombs offers a refreshing liberalism to lighten the traditional conservatism of economic doctrine.

Already first principles of the short-range planning of the immediate post-war years have been laid.

In the long-range planning which will make Australia power-



THIS BURNWOUNDED AUSTRALIAN suffered a festering leg while on a scouting mission in the wilds of New Guinea, endures to smile while on his way to Field Hospital.

CANBERRA

ful among the nations of the Pacific, Economist Coombs sees us first need a population of 20,000,000.

In the first ten or fifteen years of the post-war era Australia will offer attractive vistas for the war-weary peoples of swarming Europe.

Not the polyglot, hard-to-assimilate races, but the independent industrious Nordics, the Swedes, Danes and Dutch who have contributed to America's greatness.

Federal planners hold no ray hopes that this war's end will see the end of all Pacific wars.

Therefore, they say that Aus-

tralia needs a population of 20,000,000 to make her strong enough to meet a possible enemy without reliance on outside aid.

They believe that to many people in America, Australia will offer new interest after the war through associations made by the thousands of American fighting men who have come to the South-West Pacific.

Wrapped up in the Government's plans are vast schemes which will provide agencies to encourage decentralisation, promote the building of important inland cities.



GIROU POINT. Would shell her coconut trees on Australian coast crew beach beside a tank. One see Japanese who are landing from a crashed public 180 yards away.

CANBERRA

... PROFITS

The word went round that rotund, profiteer-hunter Customs Minister Keane was on the war-path again.

Not long ago he found a profiteer in Melbourne's fish markets.

Then, buying a humble pound of onions for the home front, he found another.

Minister Keane was first but just with the man who charged him twopence-halfpenny more than the fixed price for his onions.

Said Keane: "Unless the public co-operates with price inspectors it is impossible to launch prosecutions successfully."

In a year the Prices Branch of profiteer-hunter Keane as Ministerial head, and Professor Copland as administrative chief, have prosecuted 213 traders on 521 charges. On 512 charges the magistrates dealt firmly with the profiteers.

Now Minister Keane has a new idea. He wants to see in every town and suburb and village a regional committee of townspeople to police local prices.

Vigilance committees in everything but name, they will snarl out the profiteers, exercise a psychological deterrent against those who have the will without the courage to take advantage of wartime shortages.

There is some support for the vigilance committees rather than the official regional committees.

Federalists say that a semi-official body might be more effec-

tive than the officially appointed regional committees.

... INCIDENT

Black, oil-fed smoke poured out of the engine, splattered a greasy film on the cabin windows.

Far below the plane the bright, neat farms of the Victorian countryside looked alarmingly remote.

In the plane's cabin, bespectacled Air Minister Drakeford and an Army officer with the redish of high rank watched the air crew trying to feed oil into the spluttering engine to defeat the leakage from a burst pipeline.

But the plane was losing height, and as the volume of smoke grew thicker the pilot spiralled down to a forced landing on an Army airfield.

Air Minister Drakeford and his passenger, on a visit to an important air training centre, asked for another plane.

They were told that none was available, and were offered a Staff car to transport them the rest of the journey.

But in a corner of the hangar Minister Drakeford saw a shabby, single-engined plane of ancient vintage, and asked that it be fuelled up for him.

When they arrived at their destination air control officers paid little attention to the dirty old plane that alighted on the tarmac.

With humor, Drakeford recalls the consternation of the welcoming party of air-field officers when they saw the high-ranking officer



AIR MINISTER DRAKEFORD
asked for another plane
(Page 27)

and the Minister for Air clamber out of the grimy cabin.

To Air Minister Drakeford this was but an incident in a job which makes it necessary for him to use all kinds of aircraft for his official duties.

Sometimes they are big, modern bombers; often they are crumby, old-time flying crates pressed into a war job.

Drakeford likes to yarn with Allied fliers, hear their stories of combat.

Grimmest story he heard was that of an Australian ground man who escaped death by inches as a Japanese pilot fell at his feet from an aerial combat three miles high.

From the fever-dolt of an English village Drakeford received a cheque.

With it came a note asking that the money, contributed by the villagers, should be distributed among the relatives of five Australians whose Wellington bomber had crashed in their village.

... OPENING

When Parliament met at January's end for the main legislative session of an election year, there was more than the ordinary brisk air of alertness about the lobbies.

Public galleries were more than usually crowded. Dignity was required to enable late-comers to sit on stairways, crowd around exit doors.

In their quest for knowledge the radio Quiz Kids, peering over the gallery, found answers to many questions.

They could not be expected to know, however, that for the first time on such an occasion, Prime Minister Curtin had no prepared speech, that the speech he did make was modified to fit the temper of the House.

In the first five minutes the usual dignity of a sessional opening was shattered as Opposition interjections clashed with the Prime Minister.

Curtin sought an unequivocal answer from the Opposition on principles of Government policy.

But while the Opposition agreed with the principles, it disagreed with the Government's methods of achieving them, and the motion left no room for temporizing.

Said Curtin: "An Opposition that hasn't got the courage to chal-

lenge the Government has no right to obstruct it."

Fighting words these, and they silenced bitterest Opposition critics.

They wanted a battle-ground chosen by themselves rather than one to which they were driven by the Government.

From the high plane of international strategy and the insecure platform of party politics, debate plummeted to shallow levels.

Scottish Joe. Francis, Queensland farmers' friend, got on to the subject of the buffalo-fly.

Critical Laborite Brennan wanted to know why Parliament had been called before legislation was ready.

He said: "The Prime Minister's ideas may have been to incite members of the Opposition to show their hands and disclose what is on their minds on contentious matters."

... SPEECH

With eyes half-closed, squinting in the smoke from his cigarette, Prime Minister Curtin sat in silence in the lounge of a Canberra hotel listening to himself talk.

It was Australia Day, and the speech he was listening to over the radio had been recorded some days before.

It was a significant speech intended not only for his own people and those of Great Britain, but also for 20,000,000 Americans.

It was transmitted over the biggest radio network ever employed by an Australian.

But when Prime Minister Curtin recorded the speech which was to be heard by so many people, his only physical audience were a few technicians of the Canberra broadcasting studio.

To Curtin as he sat in the hotel lounge it was a little uneasy to hear himself say again with earnest emphasis what he had recorded on the disc.

But technicians said that unlike some previous recordings this was a good speech from a radio viewpoint.

Then, when atmospheric conditions were favorable, the recording was re-played to American technicians, who recorded it in their studio thousands of miles away on the West Coast of the American Continent.

Back over the radio-telephone after the recording came the usual accounts of the American broadcasters: "Your Prime Minister sounded pretty fine, Australia. We've got a swell recording."

Listening to the speech with Curtin was Opposition Leader Fadden, also representatives of the governments of the countries to which the speech was directed.

In the somewhat pompous-sounding tone which Prime Minister Curtin gives to important speeches, he told the world: "The Australia is the bulwark of civilization south of the Equator. It is the rampart of freedom against barbarism in a part of the world in which the whole of the world has a vital stake."

CANBERRA

In point of strategy, he added, the preservation of the continent of Australia was vital to the United Nations, for the earlier the attack against the heart of Japan, the less costly and the more decisive the result would be.

Warned he: "The South-West Pacific area is too crucial to be left to a force of caretakers. I want five men everywhere of the mantle to civilization of a Japanese co-prosperity sphere in the Pacific because of too late—too little on the part of the nations against whom Japan has struck."

Echoed Opposition Leader Fadden: "We cannot achieve victory on our own. We expect support."

The meeting at Comblanchien between Churchill and Roosevelt crowded Prime Minister Curtin off the front pages of the press of Britain and America.

But Federalists are confident that his message will not be lost.

... PUBLISHER

Most prolific of all Australian publishers, the Government Printing Office at Canberra is now working around the clock.

Federalists agree that the work done by this official Commonwealth publishing house transcends any consideration of profit, but they say, too, that in this technically efficient Government undertaking lies a fruitful source of revenue.

They say that the British Stationery Office makes big profits from its publications because it presents them attractively, adver-

tises them intelligently.

From the clattering, tireless presses and the efficient work-rooms of the low sprawling red-brick building flows an endless stream of simple two-page pamphlets, separate calf-bound volumes, dust-dry paper-covered Harvards, world-known technical text-books, bills, regulations and Departmental communications.

Written by experts in every field from agriculture to zoology, the publications of the Government Printing Office gather dust and deficits, seen only by the handful of people whose individual interest makes them seek such information.

With attractive, inexpensive make-up, modest advertising, intelligent distribution, some Federalists believe that the publications of the Government Printing Office could more than pay for their cost, provide information and even entertainment for Australian readers.

Among the tape-tied documents perfectly laid by Ministers on the Representatives table are often absorbing documents.

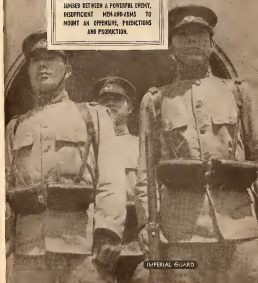
Before the war in the Pacific there were the interest-holding ingredients of a book-of-the-month travel story in the simply-written official reports of New Guinea officials.

There were graphic stories of long patrols, of death and hardship, of cannibals and jungle law; tales of high adventure on Australia's frontiers.

Section Four

PACIFIC

THE DEMOCRATIC PACIFIC WAS IN SOMETHING OF A PRETTY PALE, LONELY BETWEEN A PORTUGAL EMPIRE, INSUFFICIENT MEN-AND-ARMS TO MOUNT AN OFFENSIVE, PRELECTIONS AND PRODUCTION.



PACIFIC

... PREDICAMENT

As the new year opened, the democratic Pacific was in a pretty predicament. It was becoming apparent, then obvious that, although the Allies had trounced the Jap in New Guinea where he had met him, although the Americans were surely pushing him out of Guadalcanal, although General Wavell was mounting a slow-poke re-invasion of Burma, the wily Jap seemed to be laughing up the sleeve of his kinema at these small thrusts.

The enemy was making big bricks, and getting ready to throw them, within brick-throwing distance of the Australian mainland.

By 1943's beginning, the last doubt had been convinced that Allied overseas strategy was determined the Pacific War must wait

until European War's end before it got any substantial amount of war-winning help.

How long it would take them to win the European end of the war, even Allied strategy did not know, although it was becoming obvious that they were planning big, hopeful things which, they prayed and calculated, would end that part of the war in double-quick time.

The virtue or weakness of this plan depended on a number of factors. Whether it was a good plan, or a bad, only time would be able to tell.

Meantime, however, Australia at war was warring almost on its own, with nothing but vague, semi-official promises of help-and-sympathy. John Curtin, months ago, had told his countrymen that

PACIFIC

for at least six months they would be fighting alone. Whether or not they had forgotten his warning, they were rudely awakened at January's end, when it was announced, suddenly as a slap, that the Japanese were concentrating forces in the Near North, that they had moved their headquarters some hundreds of miles closer to Australia, that the forces they were concentrating were comprised of highly-trained, well-scanned, tested men.

Whatever happened in Europe, 1943 was going to be a tough, historic year for Australia. There were all the earmarks of an invasion, all the pointers towards pitched battles on the Australian mainland soil. These were now more than possibilities; they were well in the category of probabilities.

... PLANES

Keynotes of the war were transport. Already, it seemed, the United Nations had enough land transport. They had their tanks and trucks.

But they were low on ships—discreetly, dangerously low. And for a knock-out blow they would need more 'planes—mostly because it was almost impossible to have too many 'planes.

At January's beginning, the U.S. Army, Navy and War Production Board issued a joint statement, announcing that their revised, combined plan was to double 1942's output in 1943.

They would build twice as many 'planes in 1943. But not only would they build twice as many, the weight of aircraft would be twice as great—the 'planes



THESE ARE FLYING FORTRESSES. SOARING IN FORMATION, SLEEK BOMBERS SPEED



THROUGH THE SKIES WITH THE MISSION OF LIBERTY IN THEIR BOMB BUCKS.

would be twice as big.

Other targets: (1) Shipbuilding would be something more than doubled; (2) construction of naval vessels would be greatly increased.

At same time, the U.S. was looking ahead to the days when the Allies would be moving into Europe. They were training military Governors, instructing them in languages, public administration, political backgrounds, history, international law, so that they could move in swiftly, set up an administration; for, if the political fabric of a country is rent suddenly, chaos and revolution will follow.

The Allies were determined that the political life of the countries they were about to occupy would not be interrupted. Perhaps they had learned their lesson in Algeria.

... PREDICTION ...

Admiral William Halsey, Allied Commander-in-Chief in the South Pacific, is a good sound Admiral with plenty of guts-and-go, and a whole heap of common sense.

When he recently departed from the reasonably conservative a few weeks ago to come up with a prediction that Japan would get the tail whipped off her in 1943, and that the Allies would reach a complete victory in that year, many people wondered if maybe he had been touched by the sun.

Many a good man, in an excess of enthusiasm, or in a weak moment, has thrown out glowing predictions. But, even though Ad-

miral Halsey had ample, subsequent opportunities to make a strategic withdrawal, he, Halsey-like, stuck to his guns.

In New Zealand, he said: "We have 300-odd days to fulfil my prediction, and we are going to do it. I envisage that these boats are going to be made to give in; they are going to be attacked from all directions. They will be attacked from the mainland."

Optimist Halsey might have been speaking out of secret knowledge of great Allied Pacific preparations; if such were in the making, they were indeed secret; they would certainly have to be big to achieve victory in 1943.

The remaining 11 months of 1943 would show the worth of his predictions. If the near-impossible happened and Japan was beaten, he would be hailed as a genius. If the near-impossible did not happen, you could choose your own words, for hard-fighting Admiral Halsey had left himself wide open.

... PRODUCTION ...

In January's second week, President Roosevelt succeeded in being in two places at once by addressing the 78th Congress, although it was subsequently reported that he had been in conference with Premier Churchill in North Africa since January 1.

Whenever the explanation, his address was confident, glowing. Said he: "The period of our defensive attrition in the Pacific is passing. Now our aim is to force the Japanese to fight. Last year

we stopped them. This year we intend to advance."

He made no bones about the ferocity of the fighting ahead. The Greater War was about to start; but, "I do believe that this year will give the United Nations a very substantial advance along the roads that lead to Berlin, Rome and Tokyo."

As much Lend-Lease material was being flown into China to-day as ever went over the Burma Road, he said. Japanese shipping strength was going down-and-down; American shipping and plane production was going up-and-up. He thought that it was

"within the realm of possibility that this 78th Congress (in its two years of life) may have the privilege of helping greatly to save the world from future fear ..."

Few days later, President Roosevelt, again managing to be miraculously in two places at once, reiterated his Address-to-Congress hope that the United Nations would win the war in 1944.

Emphasized he: "It is no more than a hope."

... FOOD ...

On January 13, President Roosevelt (this time in a radio



THIS IS A CATALINA. Some members of the crew rest and one pours himself a cup of coffee aboard this U.S. patrol bomber.

PACIFIC

statement read by Farm Stabilization Director Byrnes) said, on the occasion of Farm Mobilization Day, that, "Food is a weapon of total war fully as important as guns, planes, and tanks."

"Our enemies cold-bloodedly use food to strengthen their fighters and workers and to weaken and exterminate the peoples of conquered countries."

In the fabric of war, food was probably the most important item—if one item could be described as more important than another in total war.

For food is the mainstay of morale. No one knows this better than Fuhrer Hitler. Easiest way to keep a people depressed and therefore in complete subjugation is to keep them hungry—to a point.

It will be more important at war's end, when the nations of Europe, on the point of revolution, can be stopped from revolting by shipment of food to the Continent.

One of the biggest rewards the United Nations can hold out to its potential and growing European Fifth Column is the prospect of food—limitless in limitless variety.

...TALK

By January's end, nearly everyone in the Pacific had had his say. At month's beginning (and during the month) Australian Prime Minister John Curtin had warned Australia and the world of the dangers that lay in the near north, of the extreme foolishness of continuing

to allow Japan to build strong offensive springboards which would be hard and costly to break. He minced no words.

In the U.S., President Roosevelt had promised (above) that the United Nations would kick the hide off Japan in 1943, that defense was a thing of the past, that offense was a thing of the immediate future.

In North Africa, at the unpublished Roosevelt-Churchill conference, no one said anything much about the Pacific, beyond a passing, soothing reference to "help that was on the way."

In Tokyo, on January 28, Premier Tojo gave out warlike words.

Said he, in an address to the Diet: "Japan's attitude towards Australia is similar to her attitude towards Chungking."

"It is unavoidable. But we are forced to inflict severe blows on Australia as long as she is an ally of the United States and of Great Britain."

He might almost have taken the words out of John Curtin's mouth when he said, "We have obtained powerful bases at suitable points, and day by day these will be strengthened. Powerful strategic bases are being steadily perfected for both offensive and defensive operations."

What would happen was still in the womb of the future. It looked like a stand-up fight between, perhaps, Premier Tojo and Admiral Halsey. A lot depended on who got in the first and the hardest hit.

Section Five

INTERNATIONAL

AT CASABLANCA TWO MEN HAD TALKED •
IT WAS MUCH TOO EARLY EVEN TO GUESS
WHAT THEY HAD PLANNED • MEANTIME,
TIME WAS ON THE SIDE OF THE HURRY,
INDUSTRIOUS JAP IN THE NEAR NORTH.

CANADIAN JAP-GLAVIER. Part of the R.C.A.F. Canadian fighter escorts around the plane before enemy shot on a ground in Alaska. Canada's mission, according to those of the United States in the northern war, and have already shown the world.

... CONCLUSIONS

It is no practice of *Cavalade's* to make facile predictions, idle prophecies. But some things, in January, 1943, were so self-evident that, although they were not established fact, they were very close to it.

For, in that month, the sands of the Greater War's inactivity were running out fast. It was evident that big things were afoot; it was evident that both sides were piling up their forces, preparing to fling them into a last, desperate, win-all or lose-all battle that would decide the fate of mankind for many a year to come.

Never before had the wars—European and Pacific—been so obviously, so closely welded into one war. Never before, in nearly three and a half years of war, had the air been so tensed with mighty possibilities.

At Casablanca, Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill put their heads together in what might well be their last meeting before the balloon went up.

Enough has been already written about that meeting to fill many a volume. Some of it was trash, some was obvious guesswork, some was idle rip-slinging, all of it was more or less just space-filling copy.

Locking out "inside information" that seems to have been available to many commentators and "well-informed observers," *Cavalade* is unable to say exactly what happened at the meeting, or what will come out of it, prefers

to reserve its excited yelpings until something concrete transpires, remembers the somewhat damp squib the Atlantic Charter proved to be after all the smoke had cleared away, recalls the great offensive launched in North Africa as a result of Winston Churchill's visit to the United States.

For this reason, it is futile to speculate. Concrete results of the concrete, when they emerge, will be the only true yard-stick by which its importance can be measured. It might mean everything, or nothing.

Boiled down to essentials, practically nothing of any import was officially announced—which it is as it should be.

One fact, however, stuck out like a sore thumb: Joseph Stalin did not attend. To many, it seemed a watery excuse that he, in person, was directing his offensive. It might have been the true reason for his absence, or a false; his offensive certainly was at a critical stage—at a stage where he was thorough with talking and engrossed in action.

It might have been, too, that he still far from trusts his democratic Allies; his immediate aim was to outflank every Fascist soldier from Russian territory; what he would do after that was still a matter for speculation. Perhaps Joseph Stalin had no wish to reveal his hand to anyone at this stage—a course he would naturally have had to take if he had attended the conference.

With Chiang Kai-Shek it was different. The conference was a long way from his home, his business was urgent, his views expressed, well-known. No doubt, too, he was a trifle rusty at not getting enough help quick enough—as evidenced by his recent sudden recall of a Chinese military mission from the U.S.

Altogether, with two vital Allies absent from the conference, it was vaguely unsatisfactory, like a party at which half the guests fail to attend.

But perhaps the guests had good and plenty reason. It is always difficult to know whether they have stayed away out of gigue or

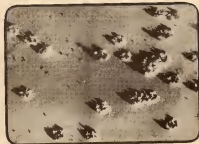
out of necessity.

One thing, however, was reasonably certain: The conference had not been held out of a mutual Roosevelt-Churchill desire to have a couple of drinks and swap yarns. Things were a-brewing. Perhaps they had laid their last plans for their offensive. Only time would tell.

Whatever they laid, they laid little of the Pacific.

... STRATEGY

It is no great job to make two and two add up to four. It is no great job, either, to see that Allied global strategy has now conclusively defined itself as being centered



HOT SPOT FOR BOMBER. Photo shows bombs bursting on their target during a raid on a major transport concentration in the North African desert.

ed first with the European side of the war, second with the Pacific side.

Whether this is a good strategy *Cavalade* is not prepared to say. Only the months ahead can prove that. It has, like all policies, its good points and its bad.

A few of them: *Bad*—

(1) Such a policy must have, as its chief aim, the swift, sure defeat of Germany. Only the highest Allied leaders know whether, at this time, they have the weight of men and material to do this.

(2) But even the best leaders have been wrong. A great campaign can be a great success or an equally great flop. There are a

great many factors controlling the winning or losing of battles—most of them unpredictable.

(3) If the forthcoming Allied European offensive succeeds swiftly, as planned, Allied global strategy might prove to have been a good strategy. If it flaps, misfires, flops, it will have been a very bad strategy indeed, for it will have given Japan, in the Pacific, more time to get on with her job of subjugating Australia.

(4) If it is going to succeed, it will have to do so in a matter of months. Far, obviously, Australia, with its limited resources and population, is no great obstacle to the swarming, powerful Japanese

It might hold them at bay for perhaps twelve months with the help available; it would be hard put to hold them longer without considerable help.

(5) From its invasion bases in the north, Japan was getting set to strike southward. There was little doubt about this. If Australia fell to the Japanese, it would be hard indeed to dig them out, despite all the resources of men and material that could be mustered by Europe and the Americas; the Pacific part of the Greater War would drag on interminably, at tremendous cost.

Good:

(1) It would be dangerous at

this juncture to split Allied forces of men and material. For too long, the Allies had been "reasonably strong" in a number of places, not strong enough for offensive purposes in any one place. To split forces now would be to repeat that error.

(2) With Germany out of the way, Japan's morale must suffer a sorry blow. It would take more than Japanese immensity to make up for the enormous weight of arms and men that could be brought to bear against her by the Allies: The fleets (air and sea) of Britain and the U.S. (including America's Atlantic Naval Fleet), the sea and air fleets of conquered



BRITAIN'S NEW GLIDERS



Showing shows one of the new Hawker gliders in flight as towed by a Hawker Hector. Sketch reveals the various features and how the pilot and troops are disposed within the fuselage. An essential point is that owing to its lifting qualities the glider is able to fly above the shipping lanes from the towing aircraft.

when the enemy's back is turned, or his attention concentrated somewhere else.

For three years, by using this strategy, he has been able, practically, to write his own ticket. He had a lot of advantages: advantages in men, planes, material; advantages in transport and carefully-husbanded supplies; advantages in years-long planning; advantages of surprise, awareness of tactics, freshness of imagination. Only when he rubbed up against the morale of London's millions of little people did he suffer his first disadvantage.

Up to that point he had had the field to himself. But from there onwards he began to lose tricks. He had exhausted all his surprises.

Nevertheless, as in all Blitz warfare, the side that struck the first hard, quick blow still had a tremendous advantage. Roosevelt proved that when he drove a strong, highly equipped British army back to within 70 miles of Alexandria.

He knocked the wind out of that army before it had time to blink. If the point needed more proof, proof was given when that same army turned savagely, hit him hard and fast before he, in turn, could blink, kept hitting on till he was driven back and back right into Tunisia.

This lesson has not been lost on the Japanese.

It seems reasonable to suppose that, when they hit, they will hit

hard, fast, savagely, risking considerable losses, knowing that that is the only way to better through.

And the time of their offensive? Little doubt is there that they will presumably wait their big push to coincide with an Allied European offensive.

By the rules of warfare, that will be their best and safest moment—when Britain and the U.S. are concentrating for all they are worth on invading Europe in grand style.

Wrote one correspondent last week: "This need not be done necessarily in cahoots with Berlin, although it would be greatly to Berlin's liking and of tremendous help to Germany's defensive efforts."

"Possibly Japan intends to coincide her offensive with Britain's for obvious, natural reasons. Because if things grew too hot in the South Pacific, only one of two courses must be open to Britain and the U.S.:

"(1) They would either have to divert men and material held in reserve for the purposes of their offensive—which would be greatly to Germany's benefit; or (2) they would simply have to ignore Australia's plight and keep on getting on with their European War—which would be greatly to Japan's benefit.

"For, if Japan could take the Australian continent before the end of the European side of the war, it would require a lot of blasting to get her out.



"There it is, eh?"

INTERNATIONAL

"It can be reasonably presumed, therefore, that Japan's immediate object is to get Australia before the end of the European war—or at least enough strategic bases on the Australian mainland to control the continent.

"She does not have to possess the whole of the country.

"Japan has said all this—almost in as many words.

... DIVERSION

"That is one side of the picture—and a very clear one, too. But there is another.

"It must not be supposed that

the Pacific Command is not fit to these possibilities. In three years of war we have learned a lot—sometimes we have learned slowly, and learned the hard way. But we have learned, nevertheless.

"Therefore, it is further reasonable to suppose that the U.S. (as was very broadly hinted in President Roosevelt's January speech) is planning one or more offensive diversions of her own against Japan. We had held Japan for a year, he said; now we were going out after her in the next year.

"Perhaps this lined up with something Admiral Halsey knew



RUSSIAN BLITZ. TYPICAL IS THIS PICTURE OF THE RETREATING NAZIS

INTERNATIONAL

when he gave off some considerable optimism.

"Whatever the unproved facts, however, it is a pretty good bet that America has a careful eye on Japanese immediate doings and preparations. The value of getting in the first hit has been learned equally as well by us as them.

"And, with the U.S. is one big advantage: she knows if and when, to a day, the Allied offensive is scheduled to break.

"The Americans can well stage a first-hit diversion of their own

—by striking out from the Aleutians, towards sacred Japanese home territory (a menace which, if carried out on a sufficiently large scale, would throw fits of fear into every Japanese south of Formosa); by striking out from the Solomons, where they have a strong, well-established foothold.

"If they put on a show, it is unlikely that it will be any small island-to-island hopping affair. All South Pacific leaders seemed to be fed up with that painful, costly, slow type of warfare."



RUSSIAN ADVANCE. CONSIDERABLE BOOTY LEFT BY THE IS EVERYWHERE.



PACIFIC CONVOY

Down breaks over Allied supply ships with a beauty and calmness that belies the treachery of this war bloodied ocean.



"Hans Wilhelm."

Press COMMUNICATIONS

*One of modern Australia's most reliable communication
paved the way for another press message*



SIR CAMPBELL STEWART
... delays would be welcome



POSTMASTER-GENERAL ASHLEY
... desire to bring back

The need for better, faster, more reliable avenues of cable and wireless communication to Australia has been swiftly growing for many months.

Communication is another word for civilization; it is a brand that is put on progress. A country with meagre means of keeping hourly in touch with the rest of the world is a country half-submerged, bobbing listlessly in the backwash of progressive nations

as they forge ahead.

Australia's need in this respect had grown so urgent that it had to be faced quickly and explored thoroughly. Something like 1,500,000 words a year are transmitted to Australian newspapers.

In peacetime, this volume can be handled fairly comfortably. But in wartime the picture is different. Rightly, urgent Government messages have precedence. For secrecy, they are cabled, since

enemy receivers would be able to tap beam-wireless transmissions.

Since the outbreak of the Pacific War, the volume of Government communications has swelled to a point where it virtually dominates the cable services, crowding out press messages.

That is unavoidable, and the Australian press fully realised it. But it did not ease their position. They have been forced on to beam-wireless resources—which, from time to time, fade to a point of inefficiency.

As a result, ordinary press messages from the United States took an average of more than 10 hours to reach Australia, while urgent messages took six hours, and three hours from England.

There have been many occasions when ordinary press messages had been delayed for 24 hours, and sometimes 36 hours.

At the turn of the year, the Imperial Communications Advisory Committee, under the chairmanship of Sir Campbell Stuart, sat in Sydney to worry out some way of overcoming the problem.

It ranked among the most efficient and realistic conferences ever held in this or any country. There was no beating around the bush.

At the opening of the conference, Senator Ashley (Postmaster-General and Minister for Information) said that the Government was fully aware there had been some inordinate delays in the transmission of important Press messages, occasioned by the enormous growth of urgent Government messages since the outbreak of war.

Although there was little like-

lihood of any diminution in Government traffic for some time to come, the Commonwealth Government was anxious to improve conditions for Press messages.

At the conference were representatives of all parties concerned in the problem—Post and Telegraph experts, newspaper editors, commercial Broadcasting companies, cable and wireless representatives. At all stages, expert opinion and advice was available at first hand.

At the end of the conference, Sir Campbell Stuart said, "I have seldom, if ever presided over a conference that got so quickly and unshakably down to brass tacks.

"The quick and thorough-going way they tackled the tremendous problem made it a pleasure to be associated with the conference."

The result was a committee, appointed by conference to make recommendations to the Government which, when approved would be implemented through Britain and the United States by Sir Campbell.

At the conclusion of sittings, Senator Ashley expressed his appreciation of the help and reference to the Government's co-operation given by Mr. R. A. Henderson (General Manager *The Sydney Morning Herald*, and president of the Australian Newspaper Proprietors' Association, and chairman Australian Associated Press.)

"I have a full appreciation of the request about reducing the time-lag at communications," he said. "It is essential, particularly in war-time, that communications outward and inward should be

transmitted as expeditiously as possible . . .

"I feel confident that the two days' discussion will help to eliminate to a great extent the disabilities under which the Press is suffering to-day."

This was an important factor in Australian affairs—more important, even, than the immediate urgent necessity for improved facilities.

Under the impulse of war, Australia, and the whole South West Pacific had been suddenly thrust into the limelight of world interest. It had become one half of the Second World War. From here, sooner or later, the offensive would develop that would drive Japan back and back, into the north, back through her own gates, and beyond.

The world had learned about Australia. It was still learning—learning fast. It would want to know more. Australians, too, were coming out of their spiritual and geographical isolation. They were hungry for more and more news.

This was the only way to provide it—by swift, efficient, two-way communication. First, com-

munication into Australia was being improved.

The first step in that improvement was quickly taken. By January 15, Full Cabinet had considered the report of the Commonwealth Telegraph Conference. The Postmaster General (Senator Ashley) had presented a submission that the recommendations of the conference be accepted by the Commonwealth Government. Cabinet adopted this submission.

One of the recommendations was that, "The Commonwealth Communications Council (the committee's new name) should, at its first meeting in 1943, consider certain specific changes in the wireless system, including the designing of a network of wireless communication linking together the various parts of the British Commonwealth; the system of circulation of telegraph traffic; freedom of the parties Governments to establish direct wireless circuits back with other countries in the British Commonwealth and with foreign countries."

In Australia, progress was following swiftly on the back of war.

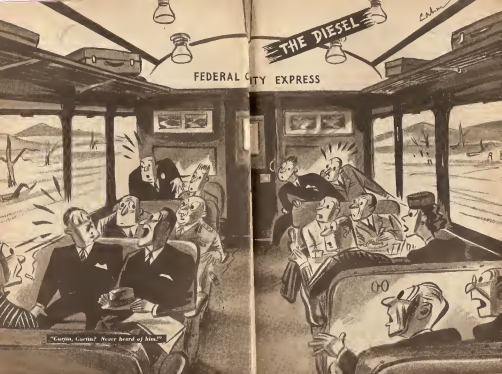
One on the R.A.A.F.

Six white egg-cups were loaned to an R.A.A.F. officer's mess in Sydney. At breakfast there were only five. The stewardess reported the disappearance on five vouchers. He made a mistake and the error had to be rectified by filling in five more vouchers.

An administrative officer saw the missing five and ordered an inquiry into the "damned fiddlers." What increased the snowball and there are now in handwritten minutes on the missing egg-cup.

P.R.—Original cost of egg-cup was twopenny.

—*The Daily Mail*, London.



THE DIESEL

FEDERAL CITY EXPRESS

"Curpin, Curpin? Never heard of him!"

"UNREST"

In this rest, when I lie and rest my mind
Back over the scrapes in the sky
And I know that the men I left behind
Are still in the swamp I bid "Goodbye!"

In this rest, when I know the beacons' pain
Mazes winding up to their knees in silence
And Life and Death too the line to start
With the space between just a tickle in time?

In this rest when I lie and seem to hear
The 'Drums of a knacker in the night!
As he seizes war gear, dropping loads of fear
In the sudden hand of an early light?

In this rest when I know my hands are strong
As when I helped wounded coppers in!
My sword scars "Tear!" and I know it's wrong
For I've seen their wounds and their cheerful grin.

Yes, the boy may die as the boy may live,
But his phlegm is white and his courage gold.
Well I know the pain that a just way gives,
When it comes from lips that are growing cold.

Oh! God, I can see Your Head in fire,
Though my heart is squeezed like a sponge in me.
Yes have bent Your Head and listened a kiss
So their rocks may know of their Victory.

So I do not sleep while the night drags on
With memory locking in fast in chains.
Do I rest now the threat to myself has gone,
While my mind is back in the constant pain?

How can I rest when the velvet swamp
That hums with rhythm and darts Life
Are stretching over the heart of things
And eyes are winking the surper's knife?

I shall not rest while I rest my mind
Back over the scrapes in the sky.
For I know the boys that I left behind
Are still at work on the time slips by.

—Barrett I. Osborn.



Collapse OF GERMAN MORALS

EUGENE TILLINGER

The legacy of the Nazis' *New Order of Sex* will remain a live world problem long after the day of battle dies.

Eugene Tillinger was for years a foreign correspondent in Berlin and that was a first-hand observer of events in Germany.

"A young girl who shirks her highest duty is a traitress and like a soldier who abandons the flag. For pureblooded German girls there is a war duty beyond marriage—to become mothers by soldiers going to the front."—Heinrich Himmler's Message to German Women.

One of the most interesting phenomena of Hitler's National Socialism has hardly been noted in the outside world. Before Hitler and his gang came to power, his Nazi movement carried on a bitter fight against so-called "immorality." Any means was justified for Hitler to gain adherents among conservative and Catholic elements.

So it happened that the Nazis prior to 1933 campaigned in the most violent manner against the spreading emancipation of women, against "lascivious" bathing suits, against too-scruffy-clad show girls in the music halls, against variation centres where young boys and girls romped together. Whenever at any time in Germany an arti-

cist portrait of a nude woman appeared in exhibitions, the Nazis raged against such scandals and schand—dirt and trash. They played themselves up as ethical judges of morals who would root out these "monstrous conditions" once they came to power.

But exactly the opposite happened when Hitler actually took over Germany in 1933. Without any ceremony the Nazis began to exploit for their own benefit all that "scandalous growth" which until then, they had been fighting so energetically. In the course of a few years Hitler's Germany has become morally the most unbridled country in the world.

"I am a soldier, aged twenty-two, heavily built, blonde, blue-eyed. Before giving my life for Fuehrer and Fatherland, I wish to meet a German woman to whom I can leave an heir of my German blood."

This advertisement appeared not long ago in *Das Schwarze Korps*, the notorious weekly of Gestapo chief Heinrich Himmler. It is not unique. Hundreds of such and similar advertisements appear regularly in the German press. In *Das Schwarze Korps*

there appear advertisements in which women and girls express their desire "to become mothers of children whose fathers fight as German soldiers for National Socialism." Children are quite openly discussed — children the German soldier would like to have — but of marriage there is no mention.

The "ethics" of *Das Schwarze Korps* have been forced upon the German people as their ruling moral code. For years this paper has demanded that the old-fashioned forms of matrimony and sex morality be abolished. The "goal of the German people must be to produce as many children as possible. Only thus can Germany be certain of her position in her conquered Lebensraum, and hold it for all time."

Himmler's paper advanced the view that the German woman at home, whether married or single, should bear children, but this activity on behalf of the "Aryan race" is to be carried out virtually at the tempo of Hitler's Blitzkrieg.

Das Schwarze Korps and its "judges of morals" demand of German women that they do not allow soldiers' furloughs to pass by "unprofitably." Since not all soldiers get leave at the same time, and since the individual soldier is in the position of helping numerous women to fulfil their national duty "in the interests of the Fatherland," *Das Schwarze Korps* concludes that a German woman should never say "No" to a German soldier, even if he is not her own husband, fiancé or even acquaintance.

This article appeared in September, 1941. It created a storm of protest among the married soldiers, who demanded of the editors an explanation; by what right did *Das Schwarze Korps* dispose of their lawful spouses in this way and induce them into adultery?

Thereupon the paper answered in an article with the significant title: *Hier liegt Du, Konnerad—Here You Make a Mistake, Comrade*. Himmler's paper tried to placate the bitterness of the aroused soldiers, but added that adultery occurred not only in wartime and that marriages which were weakened in peacetime, broke up completely in wartime without "the absence of the husband being the real reason."

How far the moral decay of the German people has progressed is proven by the following instance.

The scientific Munich Medical Weekly some time ago reported the case of a peasant whose wife, after two years of marriage, was so ill that she was unable to have children. Whereupon the peasant had requested a medical certificate stating her condition in order to institute divorce proceedings.

The physician to whom the peasant had applied, told the peasant that his conduct toward his wife was "faithless" and "indecent." He refused to give the peasant the certificate he had requested and wrote in his letter of refusal that "whoever deserts his dearest ones when they are in need, will hardly be loyal to his country; further, the state can certainly not be interested in the

children of such a man."

That, apparently, was too much for the Nazi peasant. He sent the physician's letter to *Der Schwarze Korps*. In a leading article that paper raved against the doctor:

"The first duty of a German physician is to cure for the healthy . . . The opinion of the physician is scandalous because the absolute will to have children is a sign of loyalty to one's own blood." Quite openly the paper demanded that the doctor be sent to a concentration camp because he had violated the new German racial code by giving the peasant such a piece of advice.

To-day in Germany, family life is fully ruptured and broken. By a law of the Ministry of Justice divorces have been made much easier. These new regulations have mostly been taken advantage of by prominent Nazi leaders. In the years 1938, 1939 and 1940, more than thirty thousand such "judicially recognized expulsions" have been granted. Among these thirty thousand cases it is interesting to note that sixty per cent. of the women are more than forty-five years old.

To justify such cruel and stupid divorces, it is stated in the German law that "such long-standing marriages are no longer of worth as the women for the most part are no longer fertile . . . while the men in many cases could produce children in a new marriage." Divorces in Germany since 1932—the year prior to Hitler's coming to power—have increased fifty per cent.

The moral decline of sexual life

in Germany is the product of years of systematic poisoning of German youth in the two organizations; the Hitler Youth and the Bund of German Girls. What results the so-called sexual freedom can have is shown in a typical example:

A sixteen-year-old girl was sent to Pommern to help with the harvest during the summer. She came to a camp of the BDM (*Bund Deutscher Mädchen*). When she returned in the fall, she was pregnant. Her father was outraged. He was so furious that he went to Pommern and visited the head of the camp where his daughter had worked. He told his daughter's story in loud angry words. The commandant glanced through his files and then, with a complacent smile, said:

"You have been unusually lucky. Your daughter was the girl friend of Karl. He was one of the few healthy boys in our camp. Just between us two, it might have been a lot worse. Most of the other boys had venereal diseases . . ."

Such are the fruits of the monstrous "methods of education" employed in the notorious Hitler youth organizations. The Nazis, in the course of a few years, have simply abolished all "decadent" ideas of sexual behavior. Girls from the age of fifteen are encouraged, even induced, to have sexual intercourse with young Nazi boys. The aim of the Nazis is to increase the birth rate at any cost. In the labor camps and in factories, young unmarried girls are lectured on the importance of having children—whether legiti-



more or illegitimacy.

Two cases illustrate most clearly the character of sex life in Germany:

A 17-year-old unmarried girl goes to a doctor. She is pregnant, but she does not know who the father of the child is. The doctor reproaches the girl for being careless and irresponsible. Two days later the doctor is arrested. He disobeyed the laws of the Third Reich. The doctor is sentenced to four months in prison.

Another girl, sixteen years old, who is also pregnant and also does not know who the father is, confesses to her family. Her family, plain, middle-class people, are furious and there is a terrible quarrel. The Gestapo learns about this and the parents are arrested. They have committed a crime against a "German mother." Under the law of Hitler's Germany this is punishable by imprisonment.

Then there are the so-called "desert-marriages." Somewhere at the front, under the desert sun of Libya or deep on the eastern reaches, a German soldier is married. An insignificant laughable farce, a tragic degradation of the ethical concept of marriage. But that is not all. Now there are in Germany not only "desert marriages" without brides, but also the so-called "death-marriages." And here we quote from the Nazi paper *Der Mittag*, published in Düsseldorf:

"Memorable death-marriage has just taken place in the registrar's office in the town of Ebersdorf. The fiance, prior to the marriage, had been killed in the

German Africa Corps in Libya. But before his death he had declared his desire to get married, and so the marriage took place nevertheless. Although the bridegroom was no longer among the living, the ceremony could take place in accordance with the laws now obtaining in Germany."

German soldiers have learned nothing in the Hitler youth organizations but brutality, sexual lust and the urge to kill, and they behave accordingly. One has only to read the official atrocity reports of the Government-in-Exile of Poland, Greece and others, and the diplomatic White Papers of Russia's Foreign Commissar Molotov—to find the evidence of unbelievable brutalities of German soldiers against defenceless women and girls.

The Germans, more than other nations, have always had a passion for keeping diaries. Hundreds, thousands of soldiers' diaries have been found in recent months on German soldiers killed or taken prisoner in Russia.

Hans Rittel is a non-commissioned officer, twenty-one years old. On October 12, 1941, he wrote in his diary:

"The more you kill, the easier it is. I recall my childhood. Was I ever gentle? One has to have a tough skin. The world ought to be grateful to us Germans. Today we shot 32 people. Among them was a beautiful blonde woman, a Nordic type. If only she had been a German. Karl and I dragged her into a barn. She bit us and screamed. Forty minutes later she was shot."

That's the confession of a Ger-

man soldier! And here's another:

Officer Lieutenant Heinrich Tewel, now a prisoner of war in Siberia, wrote a letter to a wounded friend in Germany. He was taken prisoner before he could dispatch this letter. It reads in part:

"In Paris it was easier. Do you still remember those magnificent days? Russian women are devils. At first, I rather liked that, but now that I'm all bitten and scratched I have found an easier

way to do it. You just hold your gun against their heads—that quiets them."

When we read these quotations from the diaries of German soldiers we see clearly the results of Nazi education.

In times of unexampled barbarism, once more shown to the world by the German nation, Hitler's "New Order of Sex" will remain one of the most tragic and loathsome examples of degeneration and brutality.

—*Magazine Digest, Toronto.*

Reading 'Habits'

A bookdealer reports that he is making a collection of malpropeties in book titles. Here are a few from his collection:

The customer who ordered "Forty Wags to Amuse a Dog," when what she wanted was *Forty Wags of Sweet Dogs*. Another insisted there was a new book called "Mating the Human Way," although the book she was after turned out to be *Shocking the Human Way*.

Then there was the lady who ordered Tolstoy's "Battle and Peace," which the bookdealer, after a little cogitation, interpreted as *War and Peace*. And, finally, the man who returned his copy of *The Song of Beowulf* for the surprising reason that neither he nor his wife were musically inclined.

—*Book-of-the-Month Club News, U.S.A.*



Permanent 'Absentee'

"As I understand it," said the hostess, "you propose to clothes me."

"Exactly so."

"You mean to get me out of habits of idleness and teach me to work?"

"That's the idea."

"And then lead me to simplify my methods and invent things to make my work lighter?"

"Yes."

"And next I shall become ambitious and get rich, so I then'll have to work at all?"

"Naturally."

"Well, what's the use of taking such a roundabout way of getting just where I started? I don't have to work now."

—*Irish News, Dublin*

NORTH AFRICAN DUST-UP

REX CARASON

(A South African soldier fighting in the desert)

South Africa's warrent fighting near the Axis, also found the desert dust down an unusual experience

"Severe dust storms hampered operations throughout the day." In this curt Middle East communiqué very often issued these days, there is a story worth telling. Until you have experienced a real desert "dust bite" you can have no conception of the immense difficulties facing both sides.

Some weeks ago we experienced the worst dust storm the desert has known for ten years. It started at about 4 a.m. A shrieking, hell-gust wind heralded its arrival. Great gusts of dust added into the dag-out. As I left my bed and drove down the blackout curtain I noticed that the stars had been obscured.

We awoke that morning to find ourselves in a reddish-brown world—a strangely confined world. On leaving the dag-out with its dust-laden air, we were stifled and almost blinded by dust. Walking to the kitchen for breakfast—only 200 yards away—took us over 20 minutes. We wandered about in small circles, until someone bent loudly upon the shell-mac "dinner gong." Like hunting dogs we tracked the sound down. Breakfast was a dismal affair; dust and a maddy paste was the disguise the porridge had assumed, while the coffee was transformed into a warm "mud cup."

Towards 8.30 a.m. the dust lifted slightly, and a convoy of six vehicles, loaded with supplies for the front lines, took the gap and got under way. The convoy never reached its destination—at least, not that day. "Meeting point" (normally a two-hour trip) was just over 30 miles from our base. To reach it we had to follow wide tracks across the desert. Under normal weather conditions you cannot miss the rendezvous. You just hold your steering wheel tightly as you bumped, bounced and jolted your way over the bumps and potholes. About ten miles from our camp was a ruined old fort. It is a landmark. You passed it on your way to meeting point. You can't miss it—usually.

The convoy had travelled about five miles when the dust attacked again, this time in great force and with renewed vigour. It was impossible to see more than five yards in front of the trucks' bonnets. We crawled along at a speed below five miles an hour. We seemed to be standing still. It was an eerie and unforgettable experience. I sat in the cab peering through the windscreen, vainly trying to pierce the impenetrable wall of dust. The only sounds I heard were the discordant growl-

ings of the engine in low gear, and the shillat hiss of wind-driven dust against the metal-work of the truck.

In spite of the closed windows of the cab the dust inundated it—piled up and seeped into the bronze world. The flying particles of dust bit viciously at my face and hands. I found that I had stopped a matter of inches from Mac's tail light. Mac was hunched up over the steering wheel. He was brooding. His bright red hair was of an indefinite hue, and his eyes were bloodshot, and sand had formed a pair of spectacles round them.

He turned a dusty face to me. He said with great feeling: "———! I wish I'd lined the blinkin' Navy, hey! There ye've just got watter?" We decided to push on and "make" the fort, which couldn't be much further on. We had already covered seven miles in well over an hour. We still had another three miles to go along the main road before we turned off into the desert proper. From that point a mile should take us to the fort. So on we drove—brindly, grimly, but not despairingly. The supplies had to get through. (Though secretly I doubted our ability to navigate our way over 20 miles of "fogged" desert.)

On—on—on—speedometer indicator hovering over the four m.p.h. mark like a hungry vulture; best gauge indicator stubbornly near the danger mark. Would this blighted dust never lift? Things seemed to be worsening. I cursed. I could not see beyond the wind-screen wipers. Keeping to the road was an art. Twice the heavy lorry lurched

drunkenly over the sandbank at the side of the road. Twice I heaved and heaved at the wheel to get her back. What a trip!

I decided to stop. I had to find out where I was. I switched off, pulled up and stepped into the bronze world. The flying particles of dust bit viciously at my face and hands. I found that I had stopped a matter of inches from Mac's tail light. Mac was hunched up over the steering wheel. He was brooding. His bright red hair was of an indefinite hue, and his eyes were bloodshot, and sand had formed a pair of spectacles round them.

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I hit a bump. I behaved like a shortneck for a few agonizing seconds. I jammed on the brakes and switched off. At that moment the dust lifted. I found myself with five other vehicles. I recognized them as our own. There was a group of lads in front

of one truck. I joined them in their unprintable remarks. The curtain of dust descended again.

Then came a diversion. Out of the dust barged three dabbled, sandy individuals armed with mass tins and mugs. They were Tommies from a neighbouring camp. One said: "Ulle, cheem! D'you know where we are?"

We didn't know; and said so. What was he looking for?

"Me roddy kinchen, o' course. We left dog-out for breakfast, see, at 'art-pars' seven. Lost roddy way, see."

It was then getting on for 12.30 p.m. Their kitchen was only about 100 yards from their dog-out!

They stayed with us as they did not fancy further roamings in the desert. We decided to find the fort. There was a telephone at the fort, and we could contact H.Q. for instructions. Besides the "red caps" there would surely brew us some tea. So off we set, sticking closely to one another. Tripping over boulders, beads down to prevent further sand assaults on our faces, and half-choked by dust, we barged along in the supposed direction of the fort.

We had gone about 200 yards when a voice hailed us: "I say, blokes!" We stopped. A weary red cap leaned up. "D'you know where the fort is?" one of us asked.

Wearily the policeman said: "That's what I'm looking for,

mate. Been looking for it for the past half-hour. It's over there, somewhere," he added, waving vaguely.

We debated the point. Then, with a great flourish the M.P. produced a compass.

"Can't go wrong with this," he declared.

"Much?" added our Irishman. The red cap said frigidly: "I'll find the fort."

He took a bearing (the Lord knows on what) and said: "Follow me. The fort should be 100 yards in that direction." He pointed dramatically, at the same time treating Mac to a withering glance. Mac sniggered. He said: "Holy cow!"

We all sniggered.

The M.P. swallowed hard. He said: "Wait here. I'll check up and come back for you." He vanished into the dust. We didn't see him again.

Half an hour later the dust lifted again. The fort was 20 yards behind us! Of the compass-minded policeman there was no sign. "Should be well on his way to Tripoli, I guess," remarked one of us.

As I wrote a hot, fierce wind is inciting the sand to attack. Little eddies of dust are swirling and dancing a ballet of their own. There is a menacing haze on the horizon—purple and brown. There is a bronze halo round the sun.

Dust will again hamper operations throughout the day.

—*Gape Argus, South Africa.*



You may find it hard to believe, but a funeral procession to Shanghai was led by a band playing *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now*—*News-Makes*

BRAINS AND THE BRUTE

GEORGE SAYA

Germany's psychological scheme for selection and training of officers play a big part in perfecting the Nazi war machine

Since 1919 there had been a growing interest among German experts in the importance of psychology in war. The first beginnings of the movement are traceable during the progress of the First World War, when some tentative researches were made, but the first practical applications were made in building up the post-Versailles Reichswehr; and the success gained encouraged an extension of the principles. A group of younger officers, under the leadership of Hans von Voss, a retired Army colonel, pressed for the new ideas in the face of considerable official opposition. This group had, as scientific adviser, the name Simonet who was to become psychologist-in-chief to the German Army. By 1929 von Voss and his associates had gone far towards winning their point. A small central laboratory was established, with a number of testing stations for assessing the suitability of recruits for various phases of work. The military commander of this organisation was von Voss himself, with Simonet as scientific director. This was at a time when the psychological testing of aptitude was receiving widespread official encouragement and was already employed by the Posts, Railways,

commercial aviation groups, the Labour Exchanges, the Bureau of Statistics, and the Police. It was on this foundation, and in the laboratories and research sections of the various universities and technical colleges, that Hitler was able to bring into being an ambitious psychological scheme of training, selection, and education.

The new importance of psychology in military affairs was signalled in 1936, when there was opened in Berlin the Central Psychological Laboratory of the German High Command, with twenty scientific departments housed in a magnificent building of large size. That the work still continues unabated is shown by the fact that, on the collapse of France, this laboratory took over Strasbourg University as a new research centre where large-scale investigations of war conditions could be carried out. These factors are given in "School for War" (Faber & Faber, London) a recent new book.

It is not to be supposed that every conscript is given an exhaustive psychological examination before he is drafted to the infantry unit in which, for almost all, military training proper begins. Those specially tested by the elaborate system evolved are

the ones from whom, later, the vacancies for commissioned and non-commissioned officers and specialists will be filled. In the beginning the number of candidates for these tests was small. The period 1930 to 1932, which was in the Reichswehr days, accounted for not many more than 1,000 tests a year. But with the advent of Hitler the number increased rapidly, while the tests grew in complexity. In 1939, the last year for which figures are available, the number of tests was considerably in excess of 100,000—an indication of both the growth of the Army and of the importance placed on the correct selection of officers of all grades and specialists.

The principle underlying these higher-grade tests may be best summed up in the words of Lubrich. "Technical skill must naturally be tested," he wrote, "but the prime requisite is the search for soldierly qualities, which can be determined only through the study of the whole personality." The basis of the complete characterological survey, as it is called, is the life history of the candidate. Here, everything is taken into account, principal areas being laid on the influences of early and late environment, the conditions of schooling, personal experiences and the influences that have most markedly held the youth, and the general attitude to what may be called authority in the widest sense, as represented by parents, teachers, leaders, and national heroes. The review of the life history occupies several sessions, each of which is designed to bring

out new detail, confirm previous statements, and generally to elucidate the candidate's political and social views, his personal ambitions and strivings, and his general attitude towards life as a whole.

Side by side with his thorough exploration of the biography of the candidate, various other tests are applied. Some of them are made unknown to the candidate, so that this reaction is entirely spontaneous. Thus the play of facial expression is recorded, by means of a concealed cinema camera, while the candidate is asked certain set test questions or submitted to unexpected and painful sensations, such as those of electric shock. The photographs are subsequently minutely examined and conclusions drawn according to a method worked out by Lersch and other psychologists. In addition, attention is paid, throughout the interviews, to movements of the body, particularly unconscious gestures and nervous tics. The quality and character of the voice are analysed, and it is claimed that this gives a useful guide to character, an even, hard, staccato voice being held to indicate calmness and determination.

The general appearance is also subjected to examination, physical features being regarded as to some extent reflections of character. Thus robustness is allied to energy, endurance, and countless courage, as weakness is to hesitation and meekness. Finally, handwriting is looked upon as a very important guide to character. A man's personality shows in his

handwriting, and a special section of German military psychology is devoted to scientific graphology.

Mental capacity is tested by intelligence and interest tests, which follow lines that are becoming increasingly familiar in this country.

Of great importance are the series of tests grouped together under the title "action analysis." Apart from the conventional methods of testing reactions used in all countries, these tests are divided into two parts, known respectively as the "command series" and the "leadership test." In the first the candidate is given a series of orders regulating his behaviour for the rest of the day. Thus he may be asked to report to a certain place at certain hours, to post letters, to get together his equipment, and so on, and, finally, to climb a smooth slope at full war kit. The commands are given in varying tones of loudness and urgency and minor mistakes are heavily censured, so that the candidate's reaction may be judged. These tests are believed to indicate the degree of manual dexterity, alertness, quick thinking, and memory attained. The leadership test is a practical exercise in command. The candidate takes charge of a group of infantrymen, to whom he demonstrates some simple manual operation, the execution of which he subsequently supervises. The candidate is also called upon to lecture on a subject of his own choice.

These are the main methods by which the analysis of character and fitness for leadership or spe-

cialized work is carried out. They occupy some little time. Army candidates for commissions complete the examinations in two several days' testing, with a rest day in between, while Air Force applicants go through a longer series covering two and a half days. There is a day of rest between the periods of examination, and it is not without significance that during this technically resting break, the candidate is placed under the closest observation.

Where suitability for specialist duties is being tested, the procedure normally follows slightly different lines. But the basic principle of analysing character rather than acquired skill is rigidly adhered to. No matter how brilliant a technician a man may have been in private life, that fact does not of itself qualify him to discharge similar work with the forces. Practical experience has demonstrated to the Germans that experienced car drivers are not necessarily the men who can best serve as tank drivers, nor that the civilian radio operator can fulfil the requirements of war. The specialist must possess a natural inclination for his chosen work, but he must possess, too—according to Lubrich once again—inborn zeal, devotion, national pride, effective will power, and resilience, despite his special knowledge, to discharge any task that may be allotted to him.

It is interesting to glance briefly at the qualities that, in the Nazi view, fit men for various specialized jobs in the German war machine. Among airmen, it



is an ability to fuse himself into a unity with his machine, so that he comes to regard its controls as extensions of his own limbs, that counts far more than anything else. The tank driver, while having the true mechanic's love of the machine, must also exhibit readiness to personal sacrifice and absolute subordination to the Nazi national ideals; the tank soldier must, too, show a facility in performing simultaneously different work with either hand and powers of endurance to continuous darkness, excessive heat, cramped quarters and difficulty of communication with comrades in the same vehicle.

So the list might be extended to include the special character qualifications of men intended for service with listening posts for aircraft and submarine detection, as radio operators, or as parachutists. Enough has, however, been said to indicate the pains at which the Nazis have been, in building up their Army, to make certain that, even amid the unexpected trials and terrors of actual war, the foremost thought in the soldier's mind, no matter what his individual task, should be his subservience to the Nazi ideal. The object of all these complicated tests is, in fact, to find the man whose characters are such that they will strive to fulfil Nazism in their every thought and action.

The German Army has achieved its successes because it has abandoned the traditional German military methods. In the old days the German victory was more often than not a victory of doggedness and weight of numbers. The "cannon-fodder" of the last war went forward dumbly, perhaps more afraid of the officer with the revolver behind him than of the shells, the bullets, and the barbed wire in front of him; and he was throughout sustained by the precisely similar movements of hundreds of comrades around him.

The Stuka pilot who dive-bombs his target with, at best, a fifty-fifty chance of coming out alive, has neither a revolver behind to fear nor the mass movement and inspiration of a herd to sustain him. The tank crew that forces its way far beyond the enemy lines is an isolated unit whose success—and we cannot doubt the German success in this field after France—depends on ability to trust each man.

The German fighting man has become, in twenty years, an individualist; he is no longer the barrack-square robot of the legend and the satire. On the face of it, there is only one explanation: the psychological selection and training of the German Army under Nazi direction.

—*World Digest*, London.



"... And that ends the first half. Now the second half starts with a scene of Zurich walking towards Bern..."

To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without it is power.—*Stgo Independent*.

LIFE OF A SOVIET GIRL SNIPER

LEUTENANT LYUDMILA PAULICHENKO

The Germans threatened to pay me 200,000 marks that was the number of Jews whom women I had aided

I dreamt of becoming a scholar when I entered Kiev University in 1937. Instead I have become a sniper.

Sniper's work is by no means easy! You go out while it is dark, at four or four-thirty, and come back late at night. You need great self-control, will power and endurance to be fifteen hours at a stretch without moving. The slightest start may mean death.

Though we snipers are hunters, we are also fair game for enemy snipers. Every step we take is under observation of enemy snipers—spotters. They try to mark our firing positions and keep them under machine-gun and artillery fire. That is why each of us has several firing positions and you shoot only when you are quite sure of your aim, because every unnecessary shot gives away your position.

It was the German snipers who taught me caution, endurance and restraint. If I so much as stirred a finger, a bullet would whistle just over my head, or at the back of my legs.

Occasionally a German tin hat would appear—just a fraction of it—and you think, "I'll get that Fritz!" You fire and the tin hat waggles like the head of a toy

elephant and disappears. It was only a German decoy to make the sniper betray his position. Following that, the Germans usually opened such a squall of fire, you dared not even raise your head.

Of course that was only at the beginning. Afterwards I got used to the fire and the German tactics. I learned all their tricks, and how to keep my position a dead secret. And things went very well.

I am a Ukrainian—born in Belaya Tserkov, not far from Kiev, 26 years ago. I am an ordinary looking girl, medium height, with dark-brown hair which I used to wear long. I had to have it cut short when war broke out, and now my cap covers it easily. I have a little scar on my forehead just above the bridge of my nose, left by a German long-range shell splinter.

I learned to shoot before I went to the University. It was purely accidentally that I took it up. I was very keen on all kinds of athletics and the only thing I was indifferent to was shooting. But one day I heard a boy boast about how he had made eight out of ten points at a shooting range, which was enough to send me running to the range. I took a

fancy to shooting at once and by 1938 I had gone through a snipers' school.

I remember a funny incident at one of those prize-shooting ranges. There were twelve prizes and every shot cost ten kopeks. I bought fifteen cartridges and started. The range keeper was taken aback and turned pale. After every shot he had to take a price off a stick and hand it to me. It took ten minutes to clear the lot. Then I felt sorry for him and gave them all back.

In the summer of 1941 I was in Odessa and fell ill and went into a sanatorium—the next week I came out. The war had suddenly cured me of all my ailments.

They wouldn't take girls in the army, so I had to resort to tricks to get in. After a long time I became a soldier like the rest and took part in the defence of Odessa.

My turn came to occupy the firing position. I lay there and watched the Russians digging themselves in only three or four hundred yards away. We were strictly forbidden to shoot without the commander's permission. I passed the word down the line, "May I fire?" and waited impatiently for the reply. The commander replied with a question.

"Are you sure of hitting them?"

"Yes!" I said.

"Then fire!"

That was my baptism of fire. And from that time on, I regarded myself, and so did my comrades, as a full-fledged sniper

who could be trusted with independent work.

We defended Odessa till October, when orders came to evacuate. We took everything with us aboard ship and we started for Sevastopol. Much has been written about Sevastopol. Few battles can compare with its defence.

We were one Russian to every ten Germans; and 1,500 planes flew over the long-suffering town every day. The air shook with incessant cannonading, exploding shells and bombs. The sun was blotted out by clouds of dust and earth. We hadn't enough shells or food, but we hung on. The city had ceased to be—there was nothing save a heap of ruins—but still we hung on, battling from our stand on the ruins, shooting from behind every building or mound.

We mowed down the Hitlerites like ripe grain. Drunk with blood and vodka, they swept headlong into the jaws of death. There was no end to them! Snipers were kept busy those days. The Germans were terrified of us and cowered us. No wonder—for 150 of our snipers had destroyed 1,030 fascists in twenty days! I myself trained 80 snipers during the war. Altogether they destroyed over 2,000 Germans.

The Hitlerites wore themselves out trying to discover our whereabouts, sparing neither men nor ammunition. They would open sniper fire as during an offensive. We found it very difficult to work. Every inch of ground was under fire—every bush or shrub that could cover a sniper was marked by the Germans. They

not only knew our positions, but knew the snipers by name.

I have heard them shout through a loud-speaker, "Lyudmila Pavlichenko, come over to us! We will give you lots of chocolate and make you an officer."

Later they went into threats and you would hear the voice that had been so ingratiating, bellow furiously, "You had better keep out of our way, Pavlichenko!"

On my last day at the front they yelled, "If we catch you, we will tear you into 309 pieces and scatter them to the winds!" The figure 309 was the number of fascists I had killed. They even knew that!

But none of our snipers had the slightest intention of falling into their clutches. My friend Nikolai Kaval was caught in an

ambush. Ten Germans surrounded him and told him to surrender. Kaval, in reply, threw a grenade which blew up himself and six Germans at the same time.

I have been asked what I feel like when I kill a German. The only feeling I have is the great satisfaction a hunter feels when he kills a beast of prey or a poisonous snake. The Hitlerites are worse than brute beasts. They are not simply murderers—they are tyrants, sadists and tormentors for whom no laws exist.

Every German who remains alive will kill women, children and old folk. Dead Germans are harmless. Therefore if I kill a German I am saving lives.

—From the U.S.S.R. Embassy Bulletin issued in U.S.A.

Animal Traits

"Man," says *The Columbia Encyclopedia*, is distinguished from other animals by his brain and his hands." But there the difference ends, because:—

He is—clad in fur, two-bearded, person-toed, transhuman as a snake, shy as a fox, busy as a bee, slippery as an eel, industrious as an ant, lithe as a cat, faithful as a dog, gentle as a lamb, drink as an owl, still as a mouse, nervous as a rat, stubborn as a mule, thrifty as a squirrel, strong as an ox, vain as a peacock, happy as a lark, slow as a tortoise, easy as a lion, cool as a cucumber, fresh as a daisy, red as beet, cottony, lacinated, a wave, a sail, coolly covered, and red like a sheep.

He has—the mystery of an elephant, a bark for a roar, the sense of an ape, the cry of a hawk, the neck of a bull, a whale of an appetite, raven hair, the shoulders of a buffalo, a catlike walk and a mousey manner.

He—craws like a bat, coos like a dove, hops like a sparrow, works like a hare, flies like a bird, runs like a deer, drinks like a fish, swims like a duck, sticks his head in the sand like an ostrich, sets like a dog in a manger, plays possum, gets hungry as a bear, wets his food, parrots everything, acts like a puppy, struts like a rooster and chatters like a magpie.

—*Phrases of Publishing.*



PLAN

For Real Prosperity

WILFRED HILL

No problem of peace time eternal economy need leave post-war rehabilitation and progress, says the author

"Shall we be ruined?" people are asking. "After this war we all look like being as poor as church mice. If we have any money left, what will be its value? Taxation will be tremendous! Food, clothing, houses, practically everything will be scarce. Prices will probably soar. Savings will evaporate and vanish. Trade will be crippled, not only at home but overseas. Apart from depleted shipping, we shall have little enough for ourselves, still less for arming abroad. What a prospect! What shall we do?"

With war costs mounting from £12 million to £14 million a day, with a National Debt piling up that will probably exceed £20,000 million, it would not be surprising if the future were viewed by many with dismay. However, the best way to treat such men-stress shadows is to take a good look at them. Let us face the worst, and get it over.

Foreign investments and gold are both largely gone. The gold loss matters less of all. People are learning at last that they can neither eat gold, dress in gold, nor

build houses and furnish homes with gold, let alone pave the streets with it. All the gold in the world is useless if these necessities be scarce or lacking. On the other hand, scarcity of gold matters nothing if there is sufficiency of these essentials of existence; materials with which to make them, men and machines to produce them, and some means of getting them distributed to all who need them. *Our work is our real wealth.*

Foreign investments might seem a more serious matter. They once gave us means of exporting and importing to advantage. Their proceeds increased capital and purchasing power and gave a fillip to trade. Nevertheless, for some years before the war their value as assets had been steadily diminishing. Loss by the public on foreign investments amounted to nearly £3,000 million at one period before the war. The total proceeds of such investments, put by Sir John Simon at £250 million per annum, would be only enough to pay for three weeks of war.

Diversion of nearly all our

productive resources and labour power into organized destructive channels is by far the most serious matter. For, as far as the supply of consumable and useful goods is concerned, it means waste of power and fuel, waste of work and skill, waste of productive time, waste and deterioration of productive machinery and plant; all this means waste of real wealth.

Overseas trade, moreover, will never again be quite what it was when Britain was the world's first workshop. Other countries were bound to develop industrially as time went on. Much of our own post trade with them was helping them to do so. Two world wars have inevitably accelerated such developments. Our one-time customers have become increasingly our competitors, either in the diminishing export markets of the world, or in the sense that they can now provide for themselves many of the things we previously shipped across to them.

The point of view from which all this looks gloomy, however, is that of a century ago. If we really look at the facts of to-day we shall soon discover to our relief that things are not—or need not be—nearly so bad.

War costs, for instance. Although it is true that we are spending from £12 to £14 million daily, this means little more, from the purely monetary standpoint, than that a good deal more money is circulating or changing hands. Currency in circulation has actually increased by £200 million. This money, in the main, is being paid by ourselves to

ourselves. There is not, as regards mere quantity of money, therefore, anything amounting to a serious loss. The real monetary cost of the war can only be measured in interest on war debt. But, thanks largely to the efforts of a few monetary reformers, this item has already been reduced to less than 2 per cent.

No serious foreign debts are being incurred. The lease-lend arrangement provides for repayment in kind or property or by other direct or indirect benefits that need impose no strain on our financial situation. Should the U.S.A. accept ultimately a balance of payments in exports it will stimulate industry here. But it is not impossible, in view of America's immense productive resources, that imports from us will not be desired. In this event the most beneficial method of repayment might well be deemed to be no repayment at all. So potentially abundant is the productive capacity of modern industry that it may actually prove to a great creditor's positive advantage to make what amounts to free gifts of goods.

A return to free trade will further facilitate a recovery of prosperity. This prospect, however, must depend very largely upon a wise adjustment of both our internal and external economic methods to meet the needs of a twentieth-century commerce. We must realize that the nineteenth century has gone for ever. We have to recognize that the world has passed out of an *Age of Scarcity* into, comparatively, an *Age of Plenty*, with possibilities

of drawing upon a still vaster reservoir of potential, unexpended abundance. Our economic and monetary system simply must come into line with this fact. It is quite impossible to utilize or enjoy the benefits of an era of productive abundance while money, the means of distributing, exchanging and consuming its products, is still fettered to a tradition of scarcity. Plenty of goods and scarcity of money can never make sense.

We are not likely to solve our post-war problems unless we make up our minds to treat money as a bookkeeping technique to facilitate the production and exchange of goods and services, not as something the supply of which sets an upper limit to our productive activities. It plays much the same part in economic life as railway tickets play in transportation. It is dishonesty, akin to inflation, to issue tickets for more trains than can be run. It is absurd to cut down the railway service because the ticket office has run short of tickets.

The world was wealthy before this war and did not know it. We were wealthy in foodstuffs, useful goods, transport facilities, and services of all kinds. Money, however, remained restricted. Further, money was far too much subject to dealing and gambling on exchanges. Money is not a commodity to be bought and sold in this way, and money is not wealth. It is and should be simply a medium for exchanging real commodities which are wealth. Because money remained restricted and subject to these

abuses, and because most people still thought of wealth in terms of money, they supposed themselves poor, and masses in fact were poor. These masses could not get the goods that were wanting and glutting the markets because they had no money to buy.

Unfortunately there are always vested interests that fear and resist any changes, however necessary and however potentially beneficial even to themselves. Deflation was tried; wholesale destruction of wealth, in the form of so-called surplus produce, was tried in an attempt to keep up prices; tariffs were tried, all in vain, to relieve the resulting deadlock. Anything seemed preferable to the one real remedy, which was to distribute purchasing media, or money, equivalent to the capacity for production.

In his book *World Crisis*, Mr. Churchill himself described the sudden reversion from wartime open-handedness to peacetime parsimony that came over our financial system from 11 o'clock on November 11, 1918:

"A requisition, for instance, for half-a-million houses would not have seemed more difficult to comply with than those we were already in process of executing for 100,000 aeroplanes, or 20,000 guns, or 2,000,000 tons of projectiles. But a new set of conditions began to rule from 11 o'clock onwards. The money cost, which had never been considered by us to be a factor capable of limiting the supply of the armistice, asserted a claim to priority from the moment the fighting stopped."



Credit? It consists in reality of the total productive potential of the entire community — land, crops, minerals, and other raw materials, man-power, machinery, buildings, ships, harbours, railways, actual and potential non-human power, as well as human skill, inventiveness, and capacity to co-operate; in fact, the entire national inheritance on all levels.

Why should not the Nation create its own debtless (i.e. interest-free) overdraft on these securities? The wholly successful Guernsey Experiment of over a century ago provided a working model in miniature. There a complete cycle of reconstructive work and new construction was financed costlessly by a special note issue. As the work was completed, with local materials and labour, the emergency currency was controlled by incoming revenue, and no debt was incurred.

Another experiment was tried out with success in a small town in the Austrian Tirol, where, following the last war, the population was suffering extreme distress due to the banking monopoly of money. Application of a plan of "Free Economy," devised by Silvio Gesell, enabled the small community (issuing its own money-tokens) to produce, exchange and consume its goods and services so that poverty and misery were soon replaced by prosperity.

A new Town Hall in Rochdale—home of the Co-operative movement—was once erected by the municipality, adopting similar measures.

Finally, Hitler himself, adopting in desperation some of the proposals of economic reformers that were elsewhere ignored, used them to raise Germany in less than ten years from the depths of demoralisation and impotence to the position of power we now know to our cost.

Supposing we nationalised our own credit assets (in monetary valuation, approximately £25,000 million) and harnessed this to a new peace policy of prosperity and welfare instead of warfare? Then, indeed, we need fear no problems of post-war reconstruction. By custom currency advances when necessary, on the security of this National Credit, we could keep prices stable, relieve taxation, finance new wealth production, prevent unemployment, and—most important of all—monetise consumption. We could so organise distribution that our people would be enabled to purchase 100 per cent. of their own production, or any portion of that production, plus imports received in payment for whatever proportion might be exported. In these circumstances a new epoch of prosperity generated internally would speedily communicate itself to markets abroad. Trade, both internal and international, would be set on its feet again—not as a furious and out-thrust economic war, but as a co-operative pact of mutual well-being.

Your money and mine, finally, would be safer and sounder than it has ever been before, because it would be securely based on the bedrock of interesting real wealth.

—Imperial Review, London.



"Any more battles or old truce?"

HISTORY

IN THE MAKING

MONTH OF JANUARY, 1943

JANUARY 1: Soviet forces were still dealing hammer blows within the Don Bend; German resistance was stiffening in the Middle Don. In South-West Pacific there were New Year raids in New Guinea, New Britain and North Solomon, the Japs taking a severe drubbing. There were strange French political moves in North Africa.

JANUARY 2: Allied troops were moving on in Papua, had taken Buna Government station.

JANUARY 3: Russians were still rolling forward on the central front, Stalingrad front and Caucasus. The war tempo was increasing in North Africa, in Burma and in the Pacific.

JANUARY 4: British-based aircraft were bombing and strafing Germany and occupied areas; there was increased air activity over Tunisia. Rommel was making hot foot across the desert; the Japs were uncomfortable in Papua and Guadalcanal.

JANUARY 5: Soviet troops were proving irresistible on all active fronts.

JANUARY 6: Soviet capture of Prokhladnaya split the end of Nazi dreams of Caucasian oil. At same time battle-scarred Nazi troops were being driven back on the other Russian fronts.

JANUARY 7: Germans were still

falling back before the victorious Soviet troops in Russia; were making slight gains in Tunisia.

JANUARY 8: A Jap convoy was steaming towards Luc, New Guinea, was being continuously pounded by Allied bombers and fighters. Pacific waves were closing over Zeros and transports.

JANUARY 9: In northern Caucasus the Nazis were in full retreat; Soviet forces on their heels. Japs lost 100 aircraft, four transports in New Guinea waters before the convoy made back to New Britain.

JANUARY 10: Nazis were launching counter-attacks on the central Russian front, particularly near Velikye Luki, but were still falling back at many other points. Fighting French forces were making bullet-quick advance northwards towards Tunisia.

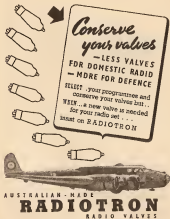
JANUARY 11: In Tunisia and over Rommel's army there was much air activity. In Russia German counter-attacks had been over-come; Russians were pushing on again.

JANUARY 12: Allied troops were closing in around the trapped Japs at Samarinda, Papua.

JANUARY 13: Two Soviet armies met, linked on central Caucasus front; the English Army was pounding Rommel's forces at Wadi Zem Zem; the Japs were being punished at Samarinda, Salamaua and the Solomons.

JANUARY 14: R.A.F. bombers blasted Essen, German industrial town; Soviet armies continued their advance.

JANUARY 15: In Lower Don Ger-



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mass took heavy punishment, wavered, broke. At Leningrad the Soviet opened up yet another season's frozen, made more gains in the Caucasus.

JANUARY 16: In Libya Nazis were again falling back; in Berlin British bombs were falling.

JANUARY 17: Japan was losing ships in the Solomons, more men at Sanananda.

JANUARY 18: Soviet troops had captured Millerovo, were moving on towards Rostov. In Tunisia both sides were bee-hive building up for an offensive; in Libya the Eighth Army was pushing on again. Bombs fell on both Berlin and London.

JANUARY 19: Soviet forces broke through Nazi siege-troops at Leningrad, relieved city, gained considerable ground. Germans were driven out of many Caucasus towns; Japs out of Sanananda.

JANUARY 20: On seven fronts in Russia battle-scarred, war-weary German troops were moving back. In Libya the British Eighth Army was closing in on the chief city, Tripoli.

JANUARY 21: Nazi troops made further gains in Tunisia, lost ground in Libya, Russia. Chile announced break with Axis countries.

JANUARY 22: British troops were in the suburbs of Tripoli, but Nazis were making further important gains in Tunisia.

JANUARY 23: Montgomery's men were in Tripoli, Rommel's making further west. German gains in Tunisia were less.

JANUARY 24: Two more key

towns fell to Soviet troops; advances were made on every Russian front. Ground fighting had ceased in Papua; Japs had suffered first major land defeat.

JANUARY 25: While the Russians were still heel-treading retreating Nazis on the Don and Caucasus fronts, the British were halting the Nazi advance in Tunisia.

JANUARY 26: More successes were being won by Soviet troops on the Voronej, Lower Don and Caucasus fronts.

JANUARY 27: From Casablanca, Morocco, came news of a momentous, history-making conference, ten days' duration, that had taken place between Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt. Said the official statement: "The strategy evolved aimed at the unconditional surrender of Italy, Germany and Japan."

JANUARY 28: The Soviet had almost wiped out Nazi forces in the Stalingrad area, had extended the offensive to the Far North, capturing Petsamo. U.S. bombers were making first raid on objectives in Germany, R.A.F. was raiding the Rhineland.

JANUARY 29: U.S. troops were advancing in Tunisia, the Eighth Army closing in from Libya. In Russia the Nazis could not hold the victorious Soviet armies.

JANUARY 30: On the tenth anniversary of Nazi power in Germany, British bombers were interrupting Continent-wide broadcasts by radio to Berlin.

JANUARY 31: The Japs were attempting to take Wau, New Guinea; were being pushed back with severe losses.

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★ BOOKS ★

... SENSE

In the hurly-burly of war, of crises, of frantic preparation, battle, political activity, it is difficult to see the wood for the trees.

Some facts connected with this war and its origins are so obvious that they are frequently overlooked. George Sara's *School for War* states many a fact which is so patent that the reader is likely to think, "Foolish, that's nothing new."

Fact is, however, the reader—if he is a completely honest reader—will admit that, although it seems simple and obvious, he himself never paused for even a few seconds in the full-flight of his hurrying stride to reduce it to such simplicity for obviousness for himself.

When did the war begin? Why did it begin at all? What are we fighting for? What sort of race are we fighting? What are we fighting them with? How can we win? These are some of the many apparently self-evident questions Sara asks, and answers.

There has been frequent criticism of politicians for this war's origins, for our own unpreparedness, for its beginning.

Forgotten entirely, in these re-creations, are a few obvious facts: That the Government under criticism is simply a reflection of the people's will; that if the people had wanted any other kind of policy they could have

thrown out that Government and installed another.

Forgotten, too, is the fact that, when gentle, humane Premier Chamberlain returned from Europe, bright-eyed, happy in having achieved "Peace in our time," the country—this country, Britain, Germany—rose as one man to thank him with tears in their eyes.

When war broke there were only heart-breaking recommitments for Premier Chamberlain; when it had seemed temporarily that he had saved Europe from the greatest of all history's blood-baths there were only (with few exceptions) penins and thanksgivings.

Many of these things we are prone to forget. By word and implication, author Sara whose books have enjoyed immense popularity, reminds us of them.

Writes her "Let us be generous to the men whose many mistakes brought us to the parlous state of 1939, 1940, even 1941 and 1942. Let us say that our unpreparedness was due not to their culpable neglect, but to their gross underestimation of the power, resources, and intentions of the Axis.

"Whence and how did this criminal error arise? Not wholly from defective information, inefficient secret-service work, absence of reliable statistics. The basic cause was psychological.

"They—and the rest of the country with them—billed to

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understand the new mental attitude of the Nazi movement. They did not—or could not—see it for what it was and is. They read, but they did not believe, that it was not merely a system of government, but a way of life that reached down to the very fundamentals of the soul and fought for and conquered souls with as much vehemence as any religious revival or inspired prophet.

"They did not see that when Hitler embarked on his policy of external conquest, he did so because his first and greatest victory was already won. . .

"Failure to grasp this has been our greatest blunder. Only now, after more than two years of war, are we beginning to realize it. In the commencement we spoke as though Hitler and his Nazis were one thing, the mass of the German people another. We sent our own bombers loaded not with high explosives and incendiaries, but with pamphlets. We comforted ourselves with the thought that if we could but speak direct to the German people we need not fight a war of blood and destruction and death.

"Let our blockade put a little pressure on the German stomach, which likes to be so well lined, and let us set words against words and we shall be rid of this war we do not want—that was the idea from which few of us could entirely escape.

"It looked an easy and attractive road along which travelling could be cheap. It led to Dunkirk, Crete, and Hong Kong; and the end is not yet in sight. Its side-tracks may yet reach to Syd-

ney and Melbourne, even to Bombay and Calcutta.

"Being wise after the event, pointing out the causes of blunders already made—these are the favorite recreations of the armchair critics. The task facing the responsible man before the affair is very different.

"To judge him, the critic must put himself in that man's place, ask what might have been reasonably known to him, and then decide whether the judgment made was sound.

"This is much more difficult. Any doctor will say that diagnosis is quite a different thing from examining the results of a post mortem. The latter gives more information—yes; but the patient is dead.

"Hiding thoughts and opinions is child's play compared to controlling armaments. Blame our secret service as much as you wish for inefficiency, but remember all ways it is simpler to disguise thoughts and aspirations than to put out of sight five thousand tanks or fifteen thousand planes.

"If that were all, there would be every justification for our erstwhile leaders. But it is not all. For, if the tanks were hidden and the planes battered down below ground, the thoughts, the policy, the ambitions of the Nazis were not. That is the most damning item in the whole indictment. . . We should have known. We could have known.

"We had been warned."

(School for War, by George Sava. One copy Angus & Robertson, 10/-.)

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Faith is not granted; faith must be conquered and acquired by man.

—Sholem Asch in "My Personal Faith," *George Routledge and Sons, London.*

MORALS NO OBJECT . . .

"Will this suit hold its shape?" asked the customer.

"Absolutely!" replied the salesman. "It is made of pure virgin wool."

"Never mind about the morals of the sheep," continued the customer. "All I want to know is whether it will hold its shape."

—*Phoenix Flare.*

GOSS PILLS . . .

"Bredren," said the old Negro preacher, "when yo' livah's out of orDAH, what is good fo' it? Livah pills. When yo' systim is run down, what is good fo' it? Tonic pills."

"Fo' othah bodily ills yo' take othah pills; but my dear bredren, dere's only one kin' of pills for a soul dat's out of orDAH, and dat's de Goss-pill."

—*Huldrege Crandall.*

EXPECTANCY! . . .

Private George Dien had better do some deep thinking and explaining if he expects to get leave this week-end.

Two weeks ago he received week-end leave on the ground that

his wife was "expecting."

Last week-end he reiterated his "wife's expecting" and won another leave.

When he offered the same reason this week, the officer in charge queried: "What's she expecting, anyway?"

"She's expecting me home again, sir," replied Dien.

—*Daily Mirror.*

NONSENSE . . .

One of America's leading inventors of airplane engines was asked recently why it was that the men who used his engines in their planes received most of the glory for the flying accomplishment that made it possible. The research genius seemed to find the question an amusing but important one.

"After all," he answered quietly, "who ever heard the name of Paul Revere's horse?"

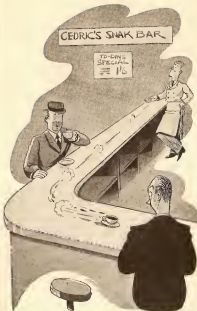
—*Closest Comments.*

G.B.S. AGAIN

George Bernard Shaw always edits his work carefully. He tries, in every instance, to cut each sentence, phrase or word he considers unnecessary to the script.

Last week Shaw wrote a letter to the Theatre Guild—a long letter, for which he made due apology.

"Pardon the extreme length of this letter," Shaw explained. "I



haven't time to write a short one."—*Leonard Lyons*.

THOSE AUSSIES . . .

Australians returning from Milne Bay fighting told how four cooks, who had been left behind in Port Moresby, went A.W.O. and joined troops in the front line. They were solemnly court-martialled on the charge of "firing on the King's enemies without permission." Their only penalty was the admonition, "Don't do it again."—*P.M., U.S.A.*

GIVING IT THE BIRD . . .

The stock is charged with a lot of things which should more properly be blamed on a lark.

—*Green Gander*.

NOW HE'S GONE . . .

Ilya Petrovovich, the absent-minded smasher, waited until the grand duke's carriage was abreast, then suddenly lighted the fuse on a small bomb, put the bomb in his coat pocket and with a yell of triumph threw the match at the royal carriage.—*Dick Swedden*.

RYVAL THOUGHTS . . .

Don't worry because a rival imitates you. As long as he follows in your tracks he can't pass you.—*Rheiner Record*.

PARADISE AT LAST . . .

The "austerity" diet imposed on inhabitants of the London Zoo is having curious effects. R. A. Doubleday, the Zoo's publicity agent, says penguins, which prefer to dine on fish, have accepted a diet of basement dipped in cod-liver oil; that apes, which formerly gorged themselves on bananas

and grapes are down to potatoes and carrots, but that the birds of paradise refused to accept an "austerity" diet and have passed on. They insisted on being treated as birds of paradise and they have become birds of paradise.—*Editorial in Buffalo Courier-Express*.

TROUBLED CONSCIENCE . . .

It is impossible for the enemy to win a final decision in any of his many theatres of war. He must stand everlastingly on guard wherever he is. He can never demobilize. He can never remain at rest. He can never assimilate the people or the lands he occupies. We disturb him everywhere, and so nothing he holds is won and nothing we lose is lost.

—*Walter Lippman*.

WHOOPIING COUGH . . .

Medical researchers in New York believe they've hit upon a means for immunizing newly born babies against whooping cough by vaccinating mothers in the final three months of their pregnancy.

—*New York Post*.

BRITISH MEDICINES . . .

The innovation of the attitude of the medical profession and that of the public which it serves must in some way be expressed in the fact that more potent medicine is consumed per head in Great Britain than anywhere else in the world.—*Kenneth Sinclair Lewis in Horizon*.

SABOTEUR . . .

A young lady in U.S.A. received a letter from a boy friend serving with the A.E.F. in Aus-

tralia. All she found when she opened the envelope was a slip of paper.

"Your boy friend still loves you, but he talks too much." The slip was signed "Comer."—*Quote*.

ANALYSE YOUR FAITH . . .

"Faith can exist without a definite religion, for it is abstract, and has no forms. As against that, religion is concrete. Faith is faith in God. Religion is the belief in a given God (the Jewish, the Mohammedan, the Christian). True faith finds expression in devotion. But it happens often enough that a man belongs to a religion without having any devotion.—*Skolem Asch in My Personal Faith, George Routledge & Sons, London*.

ANOTHER SOUND . . .

Fight one more round. When your feet are so tired that you have to shuffle back to the centre of the ring, fight one more round. When your arms are so tired that you can hardly lift your hands to come on guard, fight one more round. When your nose is bleeding, and your eyes are black, and you are so tired that you wish your opponent would crack you one on the jaw and put you to sleep, fight one more round—remembering that the man who fights one more round is never whipped.—*James J. Corbett*.

DON'T CATCH YOUR BREATH . . .

These Canadian doctors declare sea-sickness can be cured by learning to breathe in and out, with up and down rhythm of the ship.

—*Quote*.

DON'T ARGUE ^{JUST} PINEAPPLE PORK SAUSAGES

GLORIOUS FLAVOUR. REMARKABLE QUALITY.



Equipment is needed now. The more you save, the quicker you save, the more the value of your effort. (Rememberance won't win the war—it can go a long way towards losing it. Only by economy can the defence of Australia be secured, and eventual victory won.)

BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

MAKE EVERY DAY A NATIONAL
THRIFT DAY.

UNIVERSAL MEASURE . . .

World scientists fear Nazis may have destroyed the platinum-iridium bar, exactly one meter long, in a vault at International Bureau of Weights and Measures in Paris. There, every few years, all civilized nations used to send their own standards of measurements for comparison. Scientists are now at work on a universal "gas inch." If they can obtain enough of peculiar form of mercury necessary, they may set up the immutable basis of all measurements on earth for coming generations.—*Quartz*.

MIXTURE AS BEFORE . . .

The Germans are savage to a degree inconceivable to anyone who has not had actual experience of them, and are, moreover, a race born to deceit.

Fallacia Patrestris: Historia Romana.

GET IT, MUSSOLINI . . .

Meanwhile, from the remotest shores of the ocean . . . there came a tribe, foolhardy in their violence, unrestrained in their ferocity and insolent with success . . . and overran Italy.

Quintus Curtius: Declamations

(This refers to the invasion of Italy by Tarentines and Carthai. They were eventually conquered by Marius.)

NEW SUDEN . . .

The Germans had imposed slavery on friend and foe alike . . . The Germans had never had more than one reason for crossing into Gaul—greed and lust and the longing for new abodes.

Tacitus: Historiae.

GUYS, NOT BUTTER . . .

War is their sole occupation.

Source: De Ira

The Germans, a race eager for war.

Servius: Nomenclator Quæstiones

PROPHECY . . .

These (Germans) are barbarians whose rage and uncontrolled fury drove them to bring upon themselves the ruin of their own fortunes, crushed as they are bound to be by our might.

Ammonius Marcellinus: Res Gestæ

KULTUR? . . .

Spending at Sagebell, Reichsfrauenführerin Gertrud Scholtz-Klink said: "This war is a holy war for our German nature and for German prestige in European affairs. This holy war brings forth the realization that the duty of being German is the highest honor the world can offer. Every *Folksgenosse*, woman, boy or girl, must always say to himself or herself: 'This is my war.'"

Hamburger Fremdenblatt, Germany.

SOUR FRONT . . .

One of the greatest joys of the soldier on leave is to encounter a cheerful face. When soldiers came home on short leave, it is their greatest satisfaction to know it is worth while fighting. How can they have this satisfaction if they encounter nothing but grumbling, complaints, and tired, dull faces?

Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten, Germany.



A Great Magazine about a great soldier

Till he got so strong that this man didn't know how good he was. . . . Those who read his history don't know how good he is! ★ Because he is making the history of his day and to inspire a magazine devoted exclusively to his exploits, records his life every where he fights. ★ It tells of how he fought in battles, records his life every where he fights. ★ It tells of how he fought in battles, records his life every where he fights. ★ Moreover this magazine is kindly one of the most produced publications in the world. Less than that would be inadequate for the world's best fighting man. ★ "ARMY" is issued weekly and sold for 1/- per copy. Its price is in Australia. ★ Soldiers buy it, read it and send it home. When they buy it and read it, and send it to their address. ★ "ARMY" is Australia's No. 1 magazine. See your bookseller or newsagent.



You can't make arms by
REMOTE CONTROL



Battles can be won or lost in the factory
ONLY THE UNAVOIDABLE MUST KEEP YOU FROM YOUR JOB